

# The Listener

and  
**B.B.C. Television Review**

Vol. LXIII. No. 1620

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1960

CHICAGO

15c



'The Descent from the Cross': detail of a late twelfth-century Mosan reliquary now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

## EASTER, 1960

### Communist Rule in the Baltic States

By Walter Kolarz

### Bodies and Minds

By W. F. R. Hardie

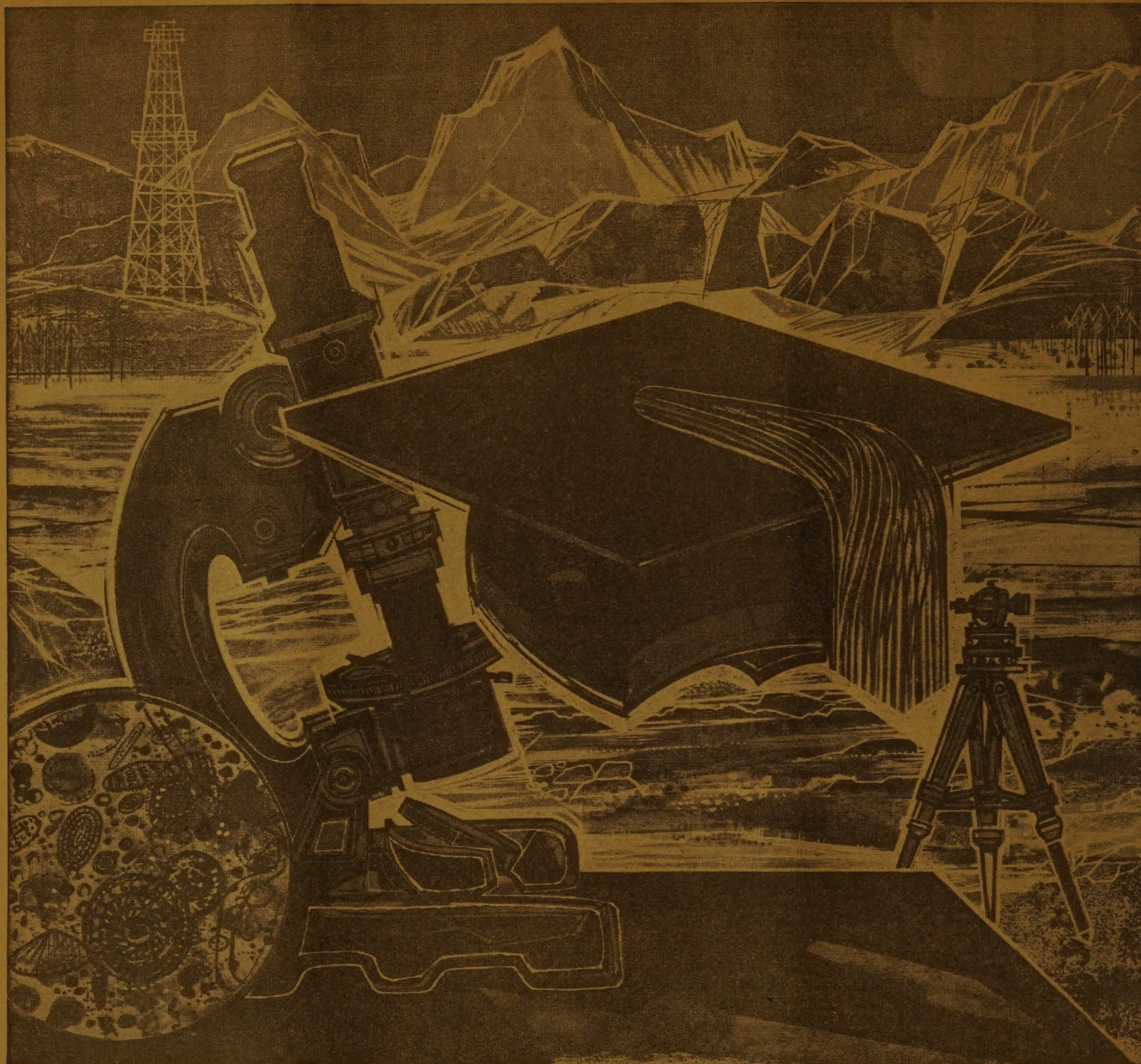
### A Painting by Seurat

By Michael Ayrton

### The Problem of Style

By Sir Herbert Read





## Mortar boards, a shortage of

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BRITISH PETROLEUM



# The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1620

Thursday April 14 1960

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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## The Crucifixion and the Pledge of Easter

By the Rev. E. J. TINSLEY

THE Son of Man must suffer', said Jesus. Artists have found two chief ways of dealing with the crucifixion of Christ. The first is to show Christ hanging on the cross, his naked body twisted in pain, bleeding hands, feet, and sides, legs crossed, and eyes closed in death. The aim here is to appeal to our feelings of pathos and horror. That is one way; and we can take it to stand for what in these talks we have been calling the tragic view of life. There is nothing specially Christian about it. But there is a second way of presenting the crucifixion, common amongst the first Christians. This time Christ stands on the cross, as if it were a royal dais, fully robed in royal robes, and wearing not a crown of thorns but the crown of a King. He is pictured alive, reigning from his throne, the Tree of Life, and his eyes, which are open, look out on the world in triumphal blessing. This is the crucifixion seen through the eyes of those who believe in the resurrection. There is something specially Christian about this.

But there is one picture which illustrates these talks best of all. It is a sixth-century illustrated manuscript of the gospels in Syriac, known as the Rabbula Gospels, and it shows Christ alive and dead at the same time. He is fully clothed and has his eyes open. Alive and reigning triumphant; yet blood flows from him. He is in the throes of suffering and death. We have here both a tragic death, and something more than tragedy: the crucifixion as God saw it. The Rabbula picture was painted by a man who believed that on the cross God really went through human tragic experience,

actually taking it into himself, and so making what Christians call atonement. This difficult word 'atonement' means three things: First, accepting that there is such a thing as sin; second, accepting the fact that it is we who sin; third, doing something about it. It is clear that atonement can never be a purely human achievement. We are impotent on all three fronts: it is not easy really to accept sin as a fact, and all that it implies about us—easier to accept alternative 'explanations' (we are imperfect, or ignorant). Secondly, we cannot ever, on our own, know our sin in all its ramifications. The new sciences are showing us that what we call sin has deeper levels in our personalities than we shall ever be conscious of. And, thirdly, what can we do about it? We can do something, but martyrdom is as far as we can go. Martyrdom does say something. At times it is all that is left to us. But while martyrdom is impressive, it leaves the fundamental human problem as it was.

Christian belief is that Christ did finally atone; and atoned precisely because he did these three things we can never do. He accepted sin as it is; and this means as it is to God as well as to us. Only perfect holiness can take sin completely seriously. Then he suffered a sense of separation from God, and found it an intolerable agony. Here you have a sensitivity to sin unique to Christ. You and I never feel that. Thirdly, he did something about it only he could do. I said we could go as far as martyrdom. But the martyr is also a sinner. And sin means that we are none of us



sufficiently in command of ourselves really to give ourselves. Christ could and did give himself, and in him you have a libation of the self which defies imagination and thought.

If the two humanisms, religious and agnostic, divide, as we have seen they do, over the question of sin, they naturally divide at the place where it is alleged sin has been atoned for. The crucifixion is either a monument to human delusions and pretensions, a martyrdom if you like, or it is what Christians have always said it is: the one place in history where tragedy became atonement. It is just because the death of Christ was a real one in history that one can say there is nothing special about it. The historical character of Christ's redemption makes it disputable.

Confronted with these events one can either say 'I believe' or 'So what?' There is bound to be an ironic quality about historical events which are singled out as saving events. Indeed if there is a characteristic Christian kind of humour, it is ironic laughter. The Christian laugh is not the carefree chuckle of comedy, nor is it the sardonic smile of cynicism or despair. It is the humour of a disillusioned man saved by faith from both cynicism and bitterness. It finds the ironies of history and of human affairs not a cause for dejection or pessimism, but a bracing reminder that we are made in the image of God and therefore capable of sin and also incapable of carrying out our own good intentions.

Christians have found it more congenial to devalue the crucifixion to the level of pathos rather than tragedy. Pathos makes fewer demands on our courage, and in fact has some attractions as an instrument of self-pity. We must all know how the lament, 'Is it nothing to you, all you that pass by?', has been used almost as a censorious complaint of our own—that others do not share our faith.

Christians sometimes come very near to sharing the agnostics' view of the crucifixion as at most a symbol of suffering humanity. The agnostic goes further than this. For him Christ on the cross is the symbol of man's superiority to anything that nature or history can do. Two episodes in the gospels have been seized on as symbols of this: the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane and the cry of dereliction: 'My God, my God why hast thou deserted me?' The Jesus of Gethsemane is taken to represent man appealing for some certain sign that he is not alone in an indifferent universe. But God does not reply. In the same way the cry from the cross is taken to be man's final realization of the total absence, because non-existence, of God.

While the Christian cannot accept this view of the crucifixion, he would be foolish to ignore it as completely wrong-headed. Something which is true and valuable is being said here. Often it takes the agnostic to remind us of aspects of our faith which, left to ourselves, we tend to forget. The Christian is committed to the belief that the incarnation meant a genuine involvement in the human situation, a true identification with us in our sin and weakness. This meant that Jesus went through the tragic human experience. If this were not so, we should be left with the intolerable thought that man's most typical experience had no place in the life of the incarnate Lord. This would make the incarnation unreal.

But there is evidence from the gospels that the incarnation contained the tragic experience, even though it transcended it. Jesus did go through that experience, with all that it involves. We can illustrate something of this by looking at the gospel accounts of the crucifixion. All the four gospels were written by men who believed that the crucifixion of Jesus was followed by the resurrection. The remarkable thing is the way an evangelist like St. Mark restrains his Easter faith. There are hardly any intimate asides to the reader to remind him that, in spite of what is happening in the passion and crucifixion, all will be well.

Infact the passion narrative of St. Mark might seem at a first reading to give one more tragedy than faith. The Christ of St. Mark did not calmly face death like Socrates. He shared our instinct to shrink from extinction. 'He began to be greatly distressed and troubled', says St. Mark. And it is stronger in the Greek than the English. But it is not a tragic hero facing death as the end. It is the incarnate Son of God facing death as the instrument of sin



'The Agony in the Garden' by Giovanni Bellini, in the National Gallery

in a way that our blunted sensibilities make impossible for us to realize.

The Christ of the Marcan passion is a solitary figure. Deserted by the disciples he goes to Golgotha alone. There are no familiar faces near the cross; we read in St. Mark only of the Roman centurion. The women watch at a distance. The only word from the cross in St. Mark is: 'My God, my God why hast thou deserted me?'. St. Mark does not flinch from showing us a Jesus, Son of God, who so identified himself with us that he shared our sense of the absence of God.

In the church where I worship there is above the choir screen a magnificent rood. As one sits in the congregation one sees the scene of the crucifixion: Christ on the cross, dead, with his mother and St. John at the foot. One sees death as a real end, as Christ faced it. But when one goes to make one's communion one passes through the screen and goes up to the altar. Turning round one now sees the crucifixion scene from behind. One can still see where the body is on the Cross on the other side. But behind the crucifixion one sees other things: a hand stretching out in blessing, a victorious lamb, sacramental bread and wine. From the altar of communion one is allowed to see something of the crucifixion as God sees it. A genuine humanity, authentic human experience, even tragic experience, has been taken up into Godhead.

From in front of the crucifixion we see death. From behind we see death raised into life. We have now gone through and beyond suffering and death. We are catching a glimpse of the cross as God himself sees it. God knows suffering. That at once takes us beyond tragedy. In Christ we believe God has experienced suffering as we experience it. But Easter is his pledge that it has not the finality for him it has for us. Christ has taken human tragedy and turned it into a new drama: the dying and rising life. And, as St. Paul would have said, worship is the place where we rehearse it all.

*This is the last of four talks for Lent by Mr. Tinsley, given in the Home Service, with the general title of 'The Bible and Tragedy'. Previous talks were published on March 24, March 31, and April 7.*



# Communist Rule in the Baltic States

By WALTER KOLARZ

**I**T will soon be twenty years since the Baltic states lost their independence. At the time when this happened the extinction of three small independent European nations did not attract the interest which it deserved. This is only too understandable. The three Baltic republics were occupied by the Soviet Union at a moment when the eyes of the world were focused on the tragedy of the French Third Republic and its military capitulation to Hitler. Since then the Soviet Government has tried hard to obscure the issue, and not without a certain success.

The Soviet version of the events is better known than the other side of the picture, which has to be pieced together from many scattered sources. Now at last a book has been published in the United States which gives a more coherent account of what happened twenty years ago. It is called *Soviet Policy Towards the Baltic States\**, and its author is a Lithuanian scholar, Dr. Albert Tarulis.

The work is based on a wide range of documentary evidence, especially on statements submitted to the Select Commission on Communist Aggression of the House of Representatives of the United States. For the beginning of the story, however, we can draw on an official Soviet document, Molotov's ultimatum to the three Baltic republics. Molotov demanded two things above all: the formation of new governments 'capable

and willing to guarantee' the execution of the Mutual Assistance Pacts with the Soviet Union, and free entry of Soviet armed forces to the three countries in unlimited numbers. There was only one big Power to which Molotov, in the summer of 1940, saw fit to give an explanation about the Soviet aggression on the Baltic



Russian troops marching across Lenin Street in Riga, Latvia

states, namely, Nazi Germany. To the German Ambassador in Moscow Molotov declared that it had become necessary to put an end to the intrigues by which England had tried to sow discord and mistrust between Germany, the Soviet Union, and the Baltic states.

The three Baltic countries had no other choice than to accept the Soviet ultimatum, although this acceptance did not come forward without some serious hitches. Thus the President of Lithuania, Smetona, fled the country in order not to become a Soviet stooge. But such a gesture of despair could only deprive Soviet occupation of its legality and delay the formation of a 'friendly government' by a few hours. The final outcome remained the same. In all three countries, the Soviet Union, acting through special Russian emissaries posted to every one of the three Baltic capitals, obtained what it wanted—the setting up of pro-communist régimes.

They were pro-communist and not yet Communist. For a few days the Kremlin conveyed the impression that it did not aim at the fully fledged Sovietization of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. Moscow's emissaries in the three Baltic capitals gave assurances to the local figureheads that Russia did not wish to absorb the Baltic states. All Moscow wanted was to establish a common foreign policy with them. However, such statements were only calculated to gain time and to make the task of the occupying forces easier. According to Soviet official admissions, about eighteen to twenty divisions, totalling roughly 200,000 men, were brought into the three small Baltic states. This force was several times stronger than the combined armed formations of the three Baltic nations, not to speak of the colossal Soviet superiority in armaments.

Although resistance was doomed to failure from the outset the people might have risen out of sheer exasperation against the occupants, had it not been for the repeated original pledges that national independence itself was not at stake. Neither the question of incorporation of the Baltic states into the Soviet Union nor the Sovietization of their economic and social set-ups were mentioned in the three republics in the middle of July. On the eve of the



A plaque, with the inscription in both Estonian and Russian, on a medieval house in Tallinn, Estonia



elections the Foreign Minister of the new pro-communist government of Estonia sent a cable to the Estonian Consul-General in New York, which said: 'There is no plebiscite, only elections to the Chamber of Deputies according to the constitution. Rumours about joining without foundation'.

### Elections to the Baltic Diets

Notwithstanding such assurances the elections to the Baltic diets were entirely modelled on the Soviet pattern. Before they took place the non-communists who represented the vast majority of the population made one last attempt to fight for a democratic voting procedure. Thus in Latvia all major parties except Communists and Social Democrats reached agreement on a joint list of candidates and formed a Latvian National Union. This electoral bloc was certain to obtain about three-quarters of all votes cast. Ten days before the elections Communist police invaded the headquarters of the Latvian National Union and arrested all its principal figures. On election day the Latvian people had no other choice than to vote for the single list of candidates of the so-called League of the Working People. In Estonia, opposition candidates were eliminated by similar methods, while in Lithuania a number of non-communists were included in the single list of candidates without having given their consent. This was done to endow the list with greater prestige.

Once the elections were over the Communist authorities openly proclaimed their true intentions, namely, their wish for the establishment of Baltic Soviet Republics. Mass meetings were held in the capitals of the Baltic republics at which the vote in the elections was interpreted as a vote for incorporation into the U.S.S.R. The purpose of these mass meetings was to prejudice the decisions of the newly elected diets who were hastily summoned to decide upon the Baltic countries' amalgamation with the Soviet Union. Some of the deputies at first were hesitant to consent to this formal national suicide, but all opposition was quashed. Those who originally intended to vote against incorporation were told that they would do so at the risk of their lives. It seems that not only ordinary deputies but also some of the Ministers voted under duress when the question came up on July 21 in the three so-called Baltic People's Diets.

The meetings of the diets were guarded like top secret military conferences. In Tallinn, the Estonian capital, Soviet tanks were stationed in front of the parliament building, and heavily armed Soviet troops were posted both inside and outside the parliament. The same scene could be observed in Kaunas, the Lithuanian capital, where the state theatre in which the meeting of the diet took place was guarded by some fifty Soviet tanks, while nearly 200 Red Army soldiers were on duty inside the building. The vote for the incorporation of the Baltic States at these 'parliamentary sessions' was an even greater travesty of democracy than the elections a few days before had been.

There is ample evidence to suggest that the entire procedure of voting for incorporation into the Soviet Union was worked out in every detail in Moscow. For instance, all speeches delivered at the incorporation session of the Lithuanian People's Diet had to be vetted first by Dekanozov, the Moscow Commissar Extraordinary in Kaunas. When voting on the incorporation into the Soviet Union took place the votes of the members of the diet were not counted. Together with the actual deputies all strangers present at the meeting voted. Even if a majority of the genuine deputies had voted against incorporation or abstained this would have had no effect on the course of events.

I cannot here describe in detail the record of twenty years of Soviet rule in the Baltic countries following the imposition of the Communist régime by violence and deceit. Broadly speaking, the developments during this period have confirmed that political systems maintain themselves in power by the same means by which they come into being. Today, as nearly twenty years ago, the Soviet system in the Baltic states rests on three pillars, military occupation, minority rule, and political terror, except perhaps that the terror has become somewhat more subtle with the passing of the years. As for the Communist Parties of the three countries—they find themselves awkwardly placed between the hammer of Moscow's centralism and the anvil of local nationalism.

This dilemma of the Baltic Communists is continually disrupting their ranks. Many of them, it is true, have accepted the part

of collaborators and have assisted the Soviet police in the persecution of their fellow-countrymen, particularly during the two big Baltic deportation actions in 1941 and 1949. But there are many other Baltic Communists who have tried to preserve a minimum of autonomy for their people and to sabotage the various Russification measures—especially the mass immigration of Russians.

Deep beneath the surface the two groups of Baltic Communists—the Moscow agents on the one hand, and the national Communist heretics on the other—have been engaged in a violent struggle. There have been moments in which the national Communists were about to gain the upper hand. But each time when the threat of national communism grew, Moscow intervened, restored order, and carried out such changes in the leading personnel in the Baltic republics as were able to safeguard the continuity of Moscow overlordship.

In Latvia and Estonia, Moscow has always given preference to a strange group of people who, on account of their entire upbringing, have little inclination towards a Latvian or Estonian national consciousness and who may be regarded as ethnic hybrids. These are the so-called 'Russia-Latvians' and 'Russia-Estonians', namely the descendants of people who emigrated in Tsarist times from the Baltic countries to Russia proper. They have become Russified to a large extent, often speak the language of their fathers with a Russian accent, and some of them do not even know the Latin script. Their family names are Estonian and Latvian, but their Christian names are often Russian. A typical representative of these Russianized Balts is the Estonian Party Secretary, Ivan Käbin, who succeeded to his present post in 1950 after a purge of national Communists in Estonia was carried out.

### The Recent Purge in Latvia

The purge of 1950 was directed mostly against national communism in the cultural field. Much more recently, that is only a few months ago, a purge of national Communists took place in Latvia. This time both cultural and economic nationalism was suppressed, and among the victims of the purge there were some of the most outstanding Latvian economists who advocated for their country a wide measure of economic independence. During this recent purge practically all leading posts in the Latvian Soviet Republic changed hands, and for safety's sake a Russian was once again made Second Secretary of the Latvian Communist Party. It seems that some of the national Communist leaders had to leave Latvia altogether and had to take up residence in a small Russian provincial town.

The risks Moscow runs in the Baltic states are small, as it keeps such extensive armed forces in the so-called Baltic Military District. These forces are even more important for keeping in check the Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians than the elaborate communist system of political controls. But it is one thing to dominate a people and another to conquer its heart; and after twenty years of Soviet occupation the Baltic nations are still nostalgically looking back to the years between the wars when they enjoyed national independence and when their national cultures were flourishing as never before in their history.—*European Services*.

## THE LISTENER

next week will include

**'The Faith of a Humanist'**

by Sir Julian Huxley

**'Science anti-Science'**

by Magnus Pyke

and

**'The Two Voices of Andrew Marvell'**

by Michael Millgate



# Britain, France, and Europe

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IT would be foolish to expect some revolutionary change in the foreign policy of France as the result of General de Gaulle's splendidly successful visit to this country. French foreign policy, we may be sure, remains unchanged. The best that we can hope for, and it could mean a great deal in the months to come, is that some of the heat and some of the emotion will be taken out of the discussions about the Common Market.

The curious thing about those discussions is that it is the Germans who have been getting all the blame—at least in this country—for putting forward a plan that is bound to inflict some damage upon our export trade. The fact is that it was the French who first suggested that the tariff changes under the Common Market Treaty should be stepped up. The other five countries, and especially the Low Countries, thought that the French wanted to move too fast, and so the Common Market experts, under the leadership of Professor Hallstein, worked out a compromise plan that is now under consideration. If the six Governments accept it, it means that tariff discrimination against British exports will begin on July 1; but it is by no means certain that the plan will go through, at least in its present form. In Germany, official and political opinion is sharply divided.

Do we have to conclude, then, that the French are so anti-British that they want to drive our exports and our influence out of the continent of Europe? To state the question in these terms is to misunderstand the French attitude. In the first place, it has to be remembered that the Common Market Treaty, like the other European organizations, was worked out by the so-called Europeans in the previous régime—in the Fourth Republic. They were acting under the heaviest possible pressure from Washington, since the Americans were determined to do all in their power to bring about European unity, and, above all, a real Franco-German reconciliation. The opposition to all these moves towards European co-operation came from the right in France, from the very people who now form the core of the new administration. They saw in this European policy a real threat to French sovereignty and national independence; and they used precisely the same arguments against French participation in the Common Market as some of our own politicians have been using against British participation. Yet in spite of all this opposition, we now find that General de Gaulle himself is in favour of a plan that is bound, in the long run, to impose severe restraints on the ability of any

French Government to pursue an independent economic policy.

There are two important reasons for this attitude. In the first place, the French believe that if the prestige and influence of Europe throughout the world is to be maintained and, if possible, extended, there must be a much greater degree of European unity. Secondly, since they regard it as thoroughly undesirable and even dangerous to leave Germany as a sort of political island, a neutral and uncommitted country in the heart of Europe, then the only possible alternative is to tie her as closely as possible to the West.

That is the argument that has always been used in defence of taking a rearmed Germany into the North Atlantic Treaty; it is the argument that was used when Germany was taken into the Coal and Steel Authority; and so today it is the France of General de Gaulle—with some silent hesitation, I have no doubt—that is working so hard to multiply the links that will tie Germany firmly and finally to the West. The French feel that once Germany has taken her place as an equal in the making of the new Europe, she will never again be tempted to bring out the old stone gods from the accumulated rubbish of the past.

In that magnificent speech that the General made in Westminster Hall, I think that his most significant phrase was his warning that the peace Britain and France are building should not widen divisions or poison wounds—including those wounds suffered by the German people, who, in his phrase, are 'a vital part of the West'. And there you have the essence of French policy in relation to the Common Market and to every other European organization which could at first sight seem to be against our short-term interests. So long as Dr. Adenauer is at the head of affairs in Germany, this policy of making Germany feel that she is a vital part of the West is safe enough; but the Chancellor is an old man, and General de Gaulle may well have made up his mind that if European unity is to be firmly established it must be done soon, while Dr. Adenauer is still in power. There is no sign at all that the French intend to give way on any of these European questions—they are far too deeply involved. They have strong support from the United States. Our best friends across the Channel have been warning us during the past few weeks against hasty and ill-tempered opposition—an opposition, as Mr. Raymond Aron remarked the other day, that is half a century out of date. The old Continent under French leadership is in search of a future that lies beyond nationalism.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

## Reflections on General de Gaulle's Visit

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

I AM sure that, beginning with President de Gaulle himself, the vast majority of French people feel that the President's visit to London has been thoroughly worth while from beginning to end. One of the big advantages of television on this occasion has been the fact that the French have been able to see the kind of reception the General had and how he conducted himself. They are proud and grateful for the welcome he was given, and the General has made them proud and grateful, too, by the way he managed to convey dignity without stiffness. Like the General himself, French people were tremendously impressed by the unique honour twice paid him: first, the splendid review of Household troops on Horse Guards Parade, and then the opportunity of addressing Members of both Houses of Parliament in Westminster Hall.

To many people in Paris, including myself, the speech at Westminster Hall was in some ways the outstanding event of the whole visit—noble words nobly delivered with unquestionable sincerity.

There was, for example, his tribute to British political institutions and British political stability, followed by the reminder that, in spite of all that has happened since 1940, only four British Prime Ministers have held office. Not a word about the number of Prime Ministers in French post-war politics—but it certainly brought out the General's point, namely, that France seems to need a really masterful hand at the top. But in fact, every word in the speech counted, and, judging by what press and people had to say, they counted on both sides of the Channel. Above all, I would say, those closing words: 'What other countries have as much as ours, and over and above their divergencies, such similar aims? What peoples know better than France and Britain that nothing will save the world except just those qualities of which they are, *par excellence*, capable—wisdom and resolution?'

If those words mean anything, they mean that however hard they may be to solve—no Franco-British quarrel, such as the present one over European trade, is going to cause a real break.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)



# The Listener

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## Art and Illusion

THE illustration on our cover is of a medieval bronze reliquary showing 'The Descent from the Cross'. The craftsman who made this work of art has managed to infuse it with a nobility and tender feeling that are as compelling to the Christian in Easter week as they must have been to the reliquary's first beholders in the twelfth century. Why should this be so? Stylistically, it is possible to label the bronze as 'late Romanesque' and point to the element of Gothic that it also contains. Historically, the idea for the scene (which is not directly described in the Gospels) can be shown to be one that had just started to interest writers of the day along with that depicting the lamentation over Christ's body. Iconographically, the scene is relatable to the importation of certain Byzantine themes into twelfth century European art, discoverable, for instance, in the derivation of a contemporary descent from the cross, shewn in a stained glass window at Chartres, from a fresco of 200 years earlier painted in Cappadocia. Yet, how did the craftsman who made our bronze reliquary manage to succeed so powerfully in his design? Why is it so different in style from—say—later designs of the same subject by Memling or Caravaggio? As a work of art, has the bronze anything in common with totally different works, even with Seurat's 'Une Baignade Asnières'?

It may be easier to answer such questions as these because of the publication now of Professor Gombrich's book *Art and Illusion*, which is reviewed by Sir Herbert Read in THE LISTENER today. Professor Gombrich does not happen to mention the reliquary, but the questions he asks about works of art are so fundamental that it will be much easier in future for the non-specialist to relate entirely different such works to one another and to 'reality' than before. This search for reality by both artist and beholder is one that lies at the heart of so much of the development of pictorial representation. One of Professor Gombrich's most stimulating illustrations shows a lion drawn by the thirteenth century architect Villard de Honnecourt. Instead of being life-like, the lion seems to be a calligraphic amalgam of all those traditional academic ways of drawing a lion that had been perfected in earlier centuries and inherited—as a skill—by Villard. Yet the caption Villard sets down against his drawing is: 'Know well that it is drawn from life' (*al vif* in the Old French), indicating that he had made his drawing in the presence of a real lion, or at least just after looking at one. The story of art since this kind of contradiction in the Middle Ages is in many ways one of moving away from academic knowledge, acquired through learning technique, and towards the ability to represent reality, even if such reality is, as Sir Herbert Read suggests, 'a mystery that neither philosophy nor art can fully explain'.

Professor Gombrich makes it clear once and for all that no artist really portrays for posterity 'what he sees' on the retina of his eye. Each artist in any different century makes his own individual selection and the result is a style. Professor Gombrich illustrates his theme in a study that should do something to turn the minds of critics and members of the public alike to a better understanding of the individuality of any single work of art. Once again the lesson is to judge the merit of each work by what the artist was trying to achieve and whether or not he has succeeded, rather than by any externally imposed standard of judgment.

## What They Are Saying

A variety of topics

THE ASSASSINATION attempt against Dr. Verwoerd has been commented on by the Polish radio, which quoted the newspaper *Trybuna Ludu*. Individual terror was not conducive to solving South Africa's burning social problems, said the newspaper, but the attempt had showed that there were forces there which were watching the Government's policy with anxiety. Did the racialists intend to provoke the Africans to use force and thereby bring about 'a final show-down'?

Cairo Home Service quoted the Egyptian newspaper *Al-Gomhuriyah* which noted that the assassination attempt was made by a white man. The Africans, went on the newspaper, refused to oppress or exterminate the white men in the way the imperialist intruders from Europe sought to exterminate the Africans; yet hatred might enter their hearts as it did in the case of this white man who fired on Dr. Verwoerd.

A Soviet broadcast in German joined issue with a commentator on the German Service of the B.B.C., Rudolf Spitz, who had discussed the shootings at Sharpeville. The Soviet speaker said:

My colleague of the B.B.C. has recently commented on these facts and asserted that the Communists are 'wicked people', while in the free world everything is fine. And why is everything fine there? Merely because 'one's mouth is not gagged in South Africa', says Rudolf Spitz, 'and because foreign journalists are still able to send out reports from there without interference'. What he says means the following: If a dozen armed citizens of the British Commonwealth with skin of one colour knock off a hundred or two unarmed citizens of another colour of skin, and if one can write about it afterwards in the newspapers, then everything is in order. What a pity, dear listeners, that the 200 murdered Africans of Sharpeville did not know this.

Russian transmissions have been giving a good deal of information about Soviet economic aid to the United Arab Republic as well as to Asian countries further East. According to broadcasts in English and Russian:

Machine manufacturing plants in Uglich have delivered to Syria drilling rigs and geological surveying instruments required for building irrigation canals. The Uglich works have also received an order for special drilling rigs, pumps, and other equipment for the construction of the Aswan Dam. At the Soviet Ministry of Power Station Construction a special Aswan Dam section has been set up. Five AN-2 aircraft will spray 125,000 acres of land in Afghanistan to combat locusts. Hexachlorane will be used in combating the Moroccan locust.

A Cairo home service broadcast showed considerable concern over Israel's success in strengthening her economic and cultural relations with the new African States. The newspaper *Al Akhbar* was quoted for the following comment:

Israel was created in the Arab East to be an imperial base and a bridgehead from which imperialism could penetrate the area. The service which Israel does for imperialism can be offered to imperialism in all areas of Africa and Asia, especially since there are many states which have recently achieved independence and which lack experience. We must save these states from falling once again under the domination of imperialism and exploitation.

The Egyptian commentator went on:

We are blockading Israel economically. Israel's infiltration into the new States of Africa is a means of breaking this blockade. If Israel succeeded in strengthening its relations with these states, it would find a way of undermining our boycott, and we should find our measures against Israel useless and ineffective.

Moscow radio in English for Britain broadcast an interview between a Russian student and Mr. Graham Greene given just after the latter's arrival in Moscow to see the dramatized Russian version of his novel *The Quiet American*. The novelist was reported to have told the interviewer that he had read a review of the play in a French paper. This had said that the play was a great deal closer to the book than a film made in America which has been a complete falsification. A later Moscow transmission reported that, after seeing the stage version of *The Quiet American* in Moscow, Mr. Greene had said that the Moscow production was much closer to the spirit of the original than the American film.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service  
DERRICK SINGTON



# Did You Hear That?

## SUPREME COMMANDER

ON APRIL 5, B.B.C. television viewers saw a filmed interview, in which Richard Dimbleby put questions to General Lauris Norstad, the Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe. The programme had been telerecorded at the General's home at Marnes-la-Coquette, near Paris. Near the end of it, Dimbleby asked General Norstad if he was satisfied that in Nato he had 'a really sound and strong weapon?'

**General Norstad:** I think one should never be satisfied. On the other hand, there is certainly a sound basis for taking satisfaction from the great progress that has been made, and for the tremendous contribution that Nato has made. I would like to remind you of the progress that has taken place here in Europe in the last seven or eight years, the confidence that has developed on the basis of the forces that have been created, and our determination to defend ourselves to provide for our freedom.

**Dimbleby:** Supposing that a member of Nato, or some Nato countries, were to be attacked now, could they take counter-action? And just how effective would that counter-action be?

**Norstad:** The first action, for instance, that we would take would be to force apart, to stop the action, so that there would be time enough to compel a conscious decision as to whether an aggressor really wanted to start a development which could lead to war; and at the same time would confront him with the tremendous cost of aggression. The first step would be to force apart.

**Dimbleby:** Would you envisage using nuclear missiles in this?

**Norstad:** We are equipping our forces with the best weapons that our industry can provide. I think it is necessary to do this; I think it is right and proper that we should give our forces the best means available for the defence of our people and our territory, and this includes, of course, the new missile; it also includes, where appropriate and where necessary in our own defence, a nuclear capability.

**Dimbleby:** A nuclear capability: do you mean you think that all partners in Nato should have nuclear weapons?

**Norstad:** I don't like to put it that way. I would like to say we are all together—the fifteen countries are working together for a common purpose, to join in common command. Where a nuclear capability or a missile capability is needed in these commands, it should be available regardless of geographical area, regardless of national affiliation in the relationship—and that is precisely what we're doing. In general it does mean that essentially all the members of the alliance will in time have missiles, and have a delivery capability. I would like to emphasize here that nothing that Nato does requires or encourages a further distribution and expansion of possession of nuclear warheads or nuclear weapons. I am talking solely of the delivery means; the warheads are still

retained in a limited number of hands, which now hold them, as far as Nato is concerned. We do not require any distribution of the actual possession of nuclear warheads.

**Dimbleby:** Supposing you had to deliver a counter-blow? Am I going too far if I ask you how quickly you could do it?



As seen on the television screen on April 5: General Lauris Norstad, the Supreme Commander, and his wife—

**Norstad:** In certain tactical defences our reaction would be instantaneous, and it would go from there up to several hours. But we are in a position, in general, even with little or no warning to respond almost immediately.

**Dimbleby:** There has been a good deal of agitation in my country and indeed in yours and other countries, that the H-bomb should be banned. Do you think it should or could be banned?

**Norstad:** I would hope that in due time we would find a means of reducing our forces and remedying our armaments; but the problem is not and must not be looked upon as the problem of a particular weapon. The object is peace; the object is a preservation of our freedom, of our security; and this means not the consideration of one weapon the elimination of which may be to the advantage of one or the other. It means a balanced programme which results in an end product, which would give us a sound basis for peace and relaxation of tension; add to our security, but on a guaranteed basis. So my answer must be, in general, that I am opposed to concentrating on one weapon.

**Dimbleby:** If nuclear weapons were in fact done away with, and supposing we were faced with a conventional attack by Russia, are we in Nato in a position to withstand such an attack?

**Norstad:** Your question is in the present tense, and the answer must be 'no'. We need the assistance of our new weapons.

**Dimbleby:** There are people who think that because a man is Commander-in-Chief of Allied Powers in Europe, because he has been all his life a soldier or an airman, that really in his heart of hearts he wants a war because he wants to see the huge machine, that he knows all about, working. Would you support that or would you knock it down?

**Norstad:** I would disagree with that with everything that is in me, and I'm sure that I, in saying that, not only express my own views but I express the views of every experienced soldier, sailor, or airman. I insist that the man in uniform is the peacemonger of our day, and he should be by conviction.

**Dimbleby:** Yes. There has been for a long time in American history a tradition for what I can call soldier politicians. I can think of General Washington who became president, General Grant who became president, General Eisenhower who was here in this room and house and then became president: may I ask you point blank, General, if you have the same sort of ambition?



—and General Norstad's home at Marnes-la-Coquette, near Paris  
John Cura





Bogs Field, Harrogate: the round lids of some of the mineral springs are seen among the lawns and flower beds

**Norstad:** That is a very flattering question. But you forgot to mention another American general, a man by the name of Sherman. In answer to the question whether he was interested in public office, and particularly the presidency, he stated then that if nominated he would not run, and if elected he would not serve. No one has been bold or foolish enough to suggest a political future for me, but I must say I, myself, have no interest. I would like to say, further, that I have had great pleasure in being associated with the political leaders of our fifteen countries, and I have learned to admire and to respect, and to have the greatest confidence in them; but the more I see of the problems that face them, and the great responsibilities they have, the more am I willing to leave these responsibilities in their very capable hands.

### HARROGATE'S 'SOURACRE'

In one of Harrogate's public parks there are some strange-looking stone objects, which look like concrete pedestals for municipal statues. CHARLES REYNARD talked of them in 'The Northcountryman' (North of England Home Service). 'I have seen people looking at these stone objects with puzzled expressions, wondering what they were for', he said. 'They are nothing more than the covers for some of the mineral springs which made Harrogate famous as a spa. No wonder they were puzzled, especially as the stones are dotted about the Bogs Field among the lovely lawns and flower beds, without any sort of design or order. There are thirty-six of these circular covers, looking decidedly out of place in a public park; but they tell a wonderful story of one of the most remarkable pieces of land in the world. In fact there is a bronze plaque near the magnesia well which says that nowhere else are there so many mineral springs in such a small area.'

'For centuries such springs have been coming to the surface in various parts of the town, and the waters have been used mainly to treat people suffering from rheumatic diseases. Altogether Harrogate has eighty-nine springs. There are several round the old sulphur well, some in the Royal Baths, where the Health Service patients are now treated, some on the Stray, and some in private gardens. They are not all in use, but the strongest ones have been harnessed for use in the Royal Baths or for drinking.'

'Those in the Bogs Field are remarkable for the fact that they come to the top in an area less than an acre in extent, and the astonishing thing is that they are all slightly different. In one channel, for instance, there is sulphur water, on which Harrogate's reputation was based, and in another is iron: they are separated under ground only by very thin layers of shale, and, strange as it may seem, they never mix—which is just as well, because sulphur and iron together would make a very poisonous drink.'

'This piece of land used to be known as "Souracre", because

of the smell of sulphur, and nothing would grow there. Now in place of a smelly swamp there is a lovely garden.'

### TOP DRESSING

'When Mayfair was in its heyday my wife and I had been trained to decorate the heads of the fashionable world', said FREDERICK WILLIS in 'Town and Country' (Home Service) 'I was a silk hatter and my wife was a posticheur. Posticheur is a refined way of describing a wig maker.'

'In those days, when women's hair was piled high on the head, long hair was very troublesome, as there was no such thing as permanent waving. So "transformations" were in high favour. This was a complete covering of human hair, ready dressed, and made to fit neatly over a woman's natural hair. The hair came from the Continent where, in certain areas, peasants of both sexes let their hair grow long, and sold it at intervals to dealers.'

'Straight hair was made permanently wavy by a process of boiling, and a customer's own hair was exactly matched for colour by mixing appropriate shades of hair, just as an artist mixes paints. The matching of the customer's own hair was extremely important, a highly skilled craft at which my wife excelled.'

'But while secrecy must be maintained with human customers wax mannequins have no objection to publicity, so I can mention that my wife dressed the hair of forty of these beauties for the opening display of a Regent Street store. Hot waving irons in close proximity to beautiful wax faces was unnerving—but she managed it, and the whole beauty chorus faced the public, with cheeks aglow, gleaming hair, and every eyelash doing its duty'.



'The centre parting—a light covering designed for the head of the elderly lady whose hair is thin', and (right) the 'Brookland fringe gives a charming appearance': two illustrations from an old catalogue of Mr.

Willis's hairdressing firm





# Bodies and Minds

By W. F. R. HARDIE

**T**HE world contains bodies, some of which are alive and some not. It would, perhaps, sound queer to say that there are minds in the world as well as bodies. But we can agree that this is so if all that is meant is that some living bodies are capable of feeling pleasure and pain, being angry or afraid, asking questions and drawing conclusions. Men have all these capacities. At least some non-human animals have some of them. Plants have not; they do not even feel. Hence there is no psychology of plants. For the processes which occur in a plant are not psychical; they are all, like growth and decay, physical.

## Connexion between the Physical and Psychical

The physical and psychical processes which occur in a man, while different and distinct from each other, are intimately and variously connected. It will be convenient to enumerate some of these connexions under three heads: the unique position of a man's body in his perceptual experience; the causal dependence of a man's experiences on his body, in particular on his sense-organs and his brain; the influence of psychical processes on physical processes, and especially a man's voluntary control of his own bodily movements. The facts falling under these heads explain how a man comes to think of one particular body as his own body and what is involved in this thought.

A man's perception of his own body differs in two main ways from his perception of other bodies. First, he has sensations which he locates in definite parts of his body: pains in his teeth, ears, head, and so on; tastes in his mouth; tactual feelings on the surface of his skin. Secondly, his body has a central position in the world as he perceives it by sight and touch. He sees the world round him from the place where his eyes are, and, whenever he can see anything, he can see his own body or at least the clothes he is wearing. Again his own body is the only one which, if he can touch anything, he can always touch; it is always within reach. In these ways a man's body is privileged as an object of perception. But it also has a special position as a causal condition of perception, and of experience generally.

We cannot see when our eyes are shut, or hear when our ears are plugged, or smell without a nose. But in order that a man should see and hear it is not enough that his eyes should be exposed to light rays and his ears to sound waves. Impulses, which are accompanied by electrical effects, must be carried along the optic and auditory nerves to regions at the base of the brain. Moreover, as we are told, 'it is only when the impulses have been relayed from the base of the brain to a much more complicated mechanism in the grey matter on the surface of the brain—the central cortex—that a conscious sensation becomes possible\*'. Anatomists and physiologists, using microscopes and electrodes and studying the effects of local injuries to the brain on the working of the mind, are finding it 'possible to define in more and more detail the particular anatomical dispositions which appear to be necessary as a basis for mental activity†'.

## A Clear Outline of Knowledge

The broadcast talks by eminent physiologists which are published in the book from which I have quoted give a clear outline of what was then (in 1952) known about processes in the brain. I shall return later to the function of the brain as a 'basis for mental activity'.

A very important element in a man's thought of a certain body as being his, or as being himself, is the voluntary control he can exercise over some of its movements. When such control extends to tools and implements, they too come to feel as if they were parts of his body. Thus, if I poke the ground with a walking

stick, I seem to have a feeling of hardness which I actually locate at the end of the stick.

These facts are among those which have led some psychologists and philosophers to say that there is two-way causal 'interaction' between minds and bodies. The body acts on the mind when, for example, lack of food causes a pang of hunger or a process in a sense-organ and brain causes the hearing of a noise or the seeing of a view. The mind acts on the body when, for example, a decision to take a walk leads to our going out of the house, or a state of anxiety inhibits digestion, or shame produces a blush. These causal connexions are as well supported as any in our experience. It seems obvious to common sense that our bodies and our minds do produce effects on each other. But the word 'interaction' suggests something more, namely that mind-body and body-mind causation is comparable with the action of one body on another body, as when a billiard-ball causes by impact a movement in another billiard-ball, or ice is melted by the sun. We are, however, made uneasy by the suggestion that a man's body is one thing and his mind another thing. There are good reasons for this uneasiness. For there are facts which suggest that minds lack some of the essential elements in our concept of a thing, that perhaps we ought, if we are not to be misled, to avoid speaking of minds at all but only of mental, or psychical, processes. These facts might be summarized by saying that psychical processes are not continuous and independent, as physical processes are.

## Professor Adrian's Views

If we consider the events, physical and psychical, which happen in a man between the time of his birth and the time of his death, we are inclined to say that, while in any stretch of time, however short, within this period physical processes occur, there are stretches of time, within the period, when no psychical processes occur, for example when we are in a state of dreamless sleep. I have said that we are inclined to assert that there are gaps. Some would assert this more confidently. Professor Adrian speaks of 'the abrupt departure of the mind in the fainting fit when the blood supply to the brain is suddenly reduced', and remarks that 'we have only to be given gas by the dentist to realize that the mind can be turned on and off as abruptly as the B.B.C. news, by agencies which modify the general level of brain activity‡'. This interpretation of the facts is natural, but hardly inevitable. It might be suggested that the apparent gaps are filled by psychical processes of a subdued or dim kind, such as occur in dreams. We certainly forget most of our dreams quickly, and we might have others which we never remember at all. But, while this suggestion cannot be refuted, it would be paradoxical, unless there are positive arguments on its side, to deny that our experience is discontinuous, that our minds come and go, lapsing regularly into non-existence. Are there any such arguments?

'The mind', Adrian tells us, 'can be turned on and off'. But, when it is turned on again, it starts roughly where it left off. A man emerging from a fainting fit or sleep is what he was; he has the same ambitions and fears, the same tastes for, and aversions to, particular pursuits, the same tendencies to be interested and happy or bored and sad, the same dispositions to love and hate, like and dislike, the same corpus of knowledge and portfolio of opinions, the same memories. Does this continuity of traits and abilities suggest that the discontinuity of psychical process is apparent rather than real? The question has different aspects. At this stage of the argument I am concerned with its causal aspect. We look for causal explanations of the continuity of a man's dispositions and capacities, including his capacity to remember his own past experiences. The act which contributes to forming a disposition or habit is a causal ancestor of the act

\* Professor Le Gros Clark, in *The Physical Basis of Mind*, Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1952, page 14. † *Op. cit.*, page 24

‡ *The Physical Background of Perception*, pages 6 and 7



or state which manifests the disposition. But physiologists at least tend to assume that the intermediate links are physical and not psychical: they are modifications or 'traces', produced by disciplinary or habit-forming acts, in the 10,000,000,000 or so nerve-cells in the brain.

The hypothesis that mental habits and capacities depend on physical traces in the brain is supported by some evidence; for example, by the way memory is affected when certain parts of the brain are removed or injured\*. But the theory is still largely an unverified assumption. Scientists do not claim to be able to show what sort of arrangements in the brain could account for the variety of the mind's abilities; there are many unsolved problems. The nature of traces is largely unknown. Adrian tells us that 'we really do not know what sort of change takes place in the brain when a memory is established†' that 'what actually happens in the nerve cells is still quite uncertain‡'. With these large reservations it is reasonable to accept the assumption of physical traces, and it is very difficult to make sense of any alternative assumption.

If the assumption is made, the answer to our question is plain: the continuity of a man's psychical characteristics is not a reason for denying the discontinuity of his psychical processes. We do not need to suppose, in the gaps between psychical processes, the continuous existence of a soul or mind, if indeed we can conceive such a thing, to be the recipient of the modifications or traces, whatever they would be, which must be assumed to account for the formation of habits and capacities.

There is at the level of common sense no question whether physical processes exist independently of psychical processes. In the universe life is rare, and mind rarer. And it seems obvious that, in the body of an animal or a man, there occur countless processes which have no psychical conditions or accompaniments. On the other hand, there does not seem to be any evidence for the occurrence of any psychical process except in close association with some physical process. Physiologists assume that all sensations and thoughts, and all voluntary activity, are inseparable from contemporaneous processes in the nervous system. The mind, as Professor Adrian puts it, is 'anchored to the brain‡'.

### The Interactionist

We can now see, in more detail than before, what is true, and what is at least questionable, in the assertion of the interactionist that both body acts on mind and mind acts on body. The interactionist is right when he insists on the apparent absurdity of denying that physical causes have psychical effects and that psychical causes have physical effects. He is wrong, or at least rash, in so far as he ignores or denies the differences and asymmetries which we have been discussing between the physical and the psychical processes which occur in a man. For these differences involve, or include, differences between the way in which body acts on mind and the way in which mind acts on body. So far as I can see, the facts, as we have so far taken them to be, conflict in two main respects with the implications of the interactionist's model of explanation.

First, when the mind acts on the body it produces a change in a pre-existing thing; when the body acts on the mind there is, or need be, no such pre-existing mental thing, as when a blow wakes a man from sleep and causes a pain. Secondly, when the body acts on the mind it acts, or may act, by itself; when the mind acts on the body it does not act by itself, but with the body; for it never, so far as we know, acts by itself. We might summarize the position, as we have described it, by saying that in body-mind action a physical process brings into existence, or modifies, a psychical process, while in mind-body action a psychical process in conjunction with a physical process causes a process of change in a physical thing. The interactionist does not provide for these asymmetries. He is apt to speak as if a mind and a body, like two billiard balls, were things in the same sense of 'thing'.

My account so far includes two main assertions. The first is that the processes which occur in a man, and indeed in the world, are of two radically different kinds, physical and psychical—i.e.,

dualism. The second is that the mind is not a thing but is incidental to the body. I shall refer to this assertion as 'epiphenomenalism', although most epiphenomenalists have denied, as I have not, that psychical processes are factors in causes as well as effects.

Some philosophers would like, if they could, to reject dualism. Professor Ryle, for example, says:

When we read novels, biographies, and reminiscences, we do not find the chapters partitioned into section 'A', covering the hero's 'bodily' doings, and section 'B', covering his 'mental' doings. We find unpartitioned accounts of what he did and thought and felt, of what he said to others and to himself, of the mountains he tried to climb and the problems he tried to solve§.

### Bodily and Mental Transactions

Now it is not, in fact, true that biographical narratives are uniformly unpartitioned. A section or bulletin on the illness of a man may well be couched in purely 'bodily' terms. And it is not clear why any 'bodily doings' should be included in a section on what he 'thought and felt'. But it is true that biographical accounts are, for the most part, unpartitioned. They are unpartitioned because so much of the vocabulary employed refers both to bodily and to mental transactions. To say that a statesman developed toothache is to say something about his tooth and also something about his sensations; about his thought as well if the toothache is a diplomatic toothache. When I say that I went for a walk what I report is not exclusively the occurrence of certain bodily movements; seeing sights and having bodily sensations are part of taking a walk. We may say, then, that much of our vocabulary refers jointly both to physical and to psychical processes. That it does so is a natural consequence of the intimate connexions between bodies and minds. It is not always obvious whether a word, or a phrase, is thus jointly referent or not. It may straddle in one use but not in another; thus the word 'climb' implies experiences if used of a man but not if used of a mechanical toy. The physical reference of 'hungry' is clearer than that of 'angry'. But Aristotle implied that 'angry' is jointly referent when he remarked that 'to say that it is the soul which is angry is as inexact as it would be to say that the soul weaves webs or builds houses¶'.

Thus words which ostensibly describe mental states and activities often refer also to bodily doings. Conversely words which ostensibly describe bodies often refer also to mental doings. Suppose that Ryle's unpartitioned biographical account states that the mountain climbed by the hero was covered with green vegetation and that its snowy summit glistened in the sun. In this statement 'climbed' is jointly referent. But so also are 'green' and 'glistened'. For to mention the colour of a thing is to say what it looks like; and to talk about the looks of things is to talk about visual experiences. Hence to speak of green grass and glistening snow is to refer to psychical processes as well as to physical processes. The same can be said of any description of things which refers to the appearances they present, to their so-called secondary qualities.

### Epiphenomenalism

We must now consider the epiphenomenalist part of the view which I described as being supported by the facts so far considered. I used 'epiphenomenalism' as a term for the doctrine that the mind, being discontinuous and dependent on the body, is not a thing in its own right but is incidental to a body which has a certain degree and kind of complexity. The soul or mind, on this view, is not a permanent and continuously existing owner of experiences, but only a permanent possibility of experiences. No doubt all experiences must and do have owners: my experiences are mine and yours are yours. But what account is the epiphenomenalist to give of what is meant by saying that this experience is mine and that one is yours? He will be tempted to say that my experiences are just those based on one particular body and yours are those based on another particular body. But, if he says this, he will find himself in a difficulty when he

\* *The Physical Basis of Mind*, pages 6 and 7. † *Op. cit.*, pages 6 and 7. ‡ *The Physical Background of Perception*, page 6.  
§ *The Physical Basis of Mind*, page 77. ¶ *De Anima* A 4, 408b 11-15.



considers the question how he comes to know that his experiences are based on his body.

Consider, for example, the fact that we see with our eyes. We have to find out that it is so. I have shut my eyes and cannot see, but I remember that earlier my eyes were open and I was seeing. Any such account presupposes that I can identify past experiences as mine independently of coming to know that they are connected with my body. That they are so connected is an empirical discovery. But if my ownership of experiences were correctly defined in terms of connexion with a particular body, it could not be an empirical discovery. For to say that my experiences are connected with a particular body would be to utter the empty tautology that the experiences connected with a particular body are the experiences connected with a particular body. In short, there is a fundamental sense, not definable in terms of connexion with a particular body, in which my experiences are mine; the epiphenomenalist would like to evade this but, like everyone else, he has to assume it when he is off his guard.

This argument purports to show that what is meant when it is said that two experiences, occurring at different times, belong to the same person cannot be defined in terms of their connexion with the same physical organism. This conclusion is confirmed by reflection on what is involved in a man's concern with his own past and future. We have to ask whether the epiphenomenalist's account of the identity of a person does justice to the familiar, if puzzling, sense in which a man's experiences are his own.

A man looking back at some action of his own in the past may congratulate himself that he did so well or feel sorry that he did so ill. Again he may look forward with pleasure, or with fear, to an experience which he expects to enjoy, or to endure, in the future. The past activities for which a man claims to be responsible, and the future experiences to which he looks forward, certainly were and will be based on the bodily organism which

is the basis of his present retrospective and prospective thoughts and feelings. But, if a man is asked why he accepts responsibility for activities connected with his bodily organism, he will reply, if he takes the question seriously, that it is because they are *his* activities. If he is asked why he is especially interested in the experiences which will occur in connexion with his bodily organism, he will again answer that it is because they will be *his* experiences; it will be he who enjoys or endures them. In both cases he will seem to himself to be giving a reason for his own exclusive responsibility and concern. He will say that his answer is indeed a truism or platitude, but certainly not that it is an empty tautology. To say that the experiences which were or will be based on my body were or will be mine is not just to say that they were or will be based on my body.

I can see no convincing way of defending the view which I have called epiphenomenalism against this argument. Unless a defence can be found, it is necessary to give up the view that the persistent owner of a set of experiences which are the experiences of one person is simply the living body on which they are based. It becomes necessary to suggest that the soul or mind of Smith is, after all, something more or other than a permanent possibility of Smithian experiences. When I rehearse the arguments against epiphenomenalism I am tempted to say that the mind is a persisting subject or owner of experiences. But to this temptation there are strong counter-temptations. For, in the first place, I find it difficult to attach any clear meaning to the notion of a persisting non-physical subject of experiences. In the second place the facts that make epiphenomenalism a plausible view remain facts: our experience is dependent on our bodies and is interrupted by gaps. Hence epiphenomenalism continues to attract us even after we have become convinced that what it maintains is in clear conflict with what we all believe about ourselves. In this uncomfortable position I must here leave the problem. I do not know how to answer the questions which I have asked.—*Third Programme*

## The World We Have Lost

# A One-class Society

By PETER LASLETT

**I**N the middle of the twentieth century, we are told, everyone is in search of status. We all strive for a position with a title, a symbol proclaiming who we are and what our influence is, how much we ought to be respected. Symbols of status, we now realize, play a highly important role in our social life. In our economic and political life, too, which our advertisers have been quick to put to use, and to teach our politicians to use as well.

They have plenty of material to hand, symbols in bewildering number and variety. This may be part of their difficulty, and our difficulty; part of the muddle we are in about who we are and what we ought to respect. For if a status and its symbols are to be really effective, to do their proper psychological work, they must be part of a system, a system which has some sort of coherence. But we possess no system of status at all. We have no intelligible method for distinguishing, say, between a Hollywood prima donna and a cardinal archbishop. We know that they are both important and influential, but we cannot relate them satisfactorily. The reason is a historical one. The system of status which gave rise to our status symbols belonged to the world we have lost.

'Lost' may not be quite the proper word here, because our traditional status system in Europe was deliberately rejected; first in America, then in France, and so successively by other European countries at their 'revolutions'. Ours is one of the handful of countries which has not found it proper to abolish it by law. The subject of status and its symbols, would, you might therefore think, be of great interest to historians, for here is something which we know to affect the lives of everybody in our own day, and yet can only be explained by reference to a past we have tried to forget. But I am sorry to disappoint you again. Because of their

rather high-hatted attitude towards sociology, their admirable confidence that it is all much too obvious, that they know it all already the historians have done little so far with the symbolic life of the societies they study, in England at least. It is not respectable, here, to research into respectability.

We live in Britain among the material remains of the world we have lost, those stately churches, spacious manor houses, substantial dwellings, millhouses, tiny cottages, all built for itself by the familial society which I spoke of in my first talk\*. We find them interesting, often beautiful, sometimes a little pathetic and always, if we are honest, a little puzzling too. We are puzzled in exactly the same way when we try to decide whether to put 'Mr.' or 'Esq.' on a letter. These are status symbols, and we use them every day.

We spend much time wondering what a gentleman is, or should be. In the pre-industrial world 'gentleman' meant something fairly precise, as did every other name for a grade in a carefully graduated system of social status. What is more it had a critically important use. The term gentleman marked the exact point where the traditional social system divided up the population into two extremely unequal sections. About a twenty-fifth, at most a twentieth, of all the people alive in seventeenth-century England belonged to the gentry and to those above them in the social hierarchy. But only that tiny minority mattered very much at all.

This directive minority wielded all the power, controlled all the wealth and made all the decisions, political, economic and social. No person below their level exercised power. Directly he acquired any, he was expected to become a gentleman, and he needed little persuasion. If the truth be known, those on the way up in the



world have tried to do this ever since, but the further they climb in our world today the more shadowy the steps become, and they find at last that the upper-floor does not exist at all.

It did in the seventeenth century. Only the gentry were educated\*. Only the gentry had leisure, and how rare and significant leisure was in that society may be judged from the fact that work was compulsory for everyone except gentlemen. The law of the land laid it down that work should last from 5 a.m. until 7 or 8 p.m. in the lighter half of the year, and 'from the spring of the day in the morning until the night' in the rest of the year. It did provide, though, that a man should have two hours for his meals and 'for his sleep, when he is allowed to sleep, the which is from mid-May to mid-August, half an hour at the most'. Brueghel's sleeping harvester was no visionary, no peasant drunkard.

But I should not like to leave the impression that all the people, men, women, and children, who were not of the gentry were engaged in incessant, productive labour. In 1698 it was calculated that a half of the population of England was unable to support itself, that it was decreasing the wealth of the kingdom. This observation of the great Gregory King reminds us once again that the world we have lost was a hard world for nearly everybody, where poverty was very common.

But we should perhaps also remember that in the year 1899 something like a third of the whole population was still living at or below the accepted level of subsistence. It is difficult to compare the seventeenth with the twentieth century in such things, though I have no doubt that the immeasurably smaller wealth of the country was more unequally distributed before the coming of industry. Begging was universal, as it is today in some of the countries of Asia; beggars at the door, beggars outside the churches, beggars in the market places and wandering along the high roads. Men sometimes took fright at their numbers, especially in Tudor times, and the savage laws against sturdy vagabonds have become notorious in the text-books.

Yet crowds of destitute people were not typical of poverty under the old order in quite the way that queues of unemployed are typical of industrial poverty. The trouble then was not so much unemployment, as under-employment, as it is now called, and once more the comparison is with the countries of Asia. Too many members of the family were half-busied about an inadequate plot of infertile land, not enough work could be found for the women and children to do around the cottage fire, in some districts none at all, the work varied alarmingly with the state of the weather and the state of trade, so that starvation was never very far away.

No one could call a life of this sort a life of leisure, and leisure as I have said, was a mark of the gentleman. I should like to quote to you the most celebrated Elizabethan definition of a gentleman, from Harrison's *Description of England*. Besides the sons of established gentlemen, he says:

Whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who so abideth in the university, or professeth physick and the liberal sciences, or beside his service in the room of a captain in the wars, can live without manual labour, and thereto is able and will bear the port, charge and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, which is the title that men give to esquires and gentlemen, and be reputed for a gentleman ever after.

In 1660 when Charles II levied the poll tax it was graduated according to rank: distinction of rank, from plain gentleman up to esquire, and so on up to duke made ten of the grades.

The system of status, then, in the world we have lost was very real. But it was not a system which prevented people moving up and down, prevented what we now call social mobility. Nor was

it a system of class, although at one point, at the level of gentleman, a distinction of status happened to correspond to something very like a class distinction, as we now understand it. With these two statements we reach the nub of the argument that there was only one class in this society, the class of the gentry and above; that therefore there was no middle class, no working class; that therefore also class conflict was an impossibility.

To develop this argument in a broadcast talk is no easy task, and I shall have to content myself with a dogmatic sketch. I shall even have to postpone until next week my explanation of why this issue is central to the discussion of social development since the beginnings of industrialism. I must content myself with repeating a remark in my previous talk, that the accepted explanation of the disappearance of the old order has been the triumph of capitalism, capitalism organized as a rising class in society, the rising middle class.

Important as the distinction was between the gentry and all the rest, there was sometimes an extraordinary vagueness about it. In another poll tax act of the sixteen-nineties the entry 'gentleman' is continued thus: 'or reputed gentleman, or who owneth or writeth himself such'. Evidently men were promoting themselves to the gentry fairly freely. Now the possibility of upward motion in society will depend on many things, above all on the rate of growth of wealth. Wealth did grow in this last century of the old order, and we have plentiful evidence that yeomen were becoming gentlemen in Stuart times.

Yeoman was the status below that of gentleman; after yeoman came husbandman, and, finally, the labourer. It has always been a peculiar feature of the English system of honour that it provides for social descent as well as ascent. After a time the descendants of peers become plain Mr., and we even find that the grandsons of Stuart gentlemen would call themselves yeomen. So we have the presence in English villages at this time of the same surname shared by labourers, yeomen, gentlemen, and even knights or baronets, men who all might know that they had a common ancestor.

The world we have lost, then, was emphatically not one of social immobility. The directive minority may have been small, and movement into it difficult, taking more generations than one. Nevertheless such movement took place. Since this minority could absorb its possible rivals, there is no reason to suppose that a threat to its supremacy might develop from below or from outside. England could go on being a one-class society.

I confess I am unhappy about my language here. Class and class conflict really do not fit the society we are discussing, and they do not explain change, violence, and revolution. I shall be discussing this next week, and touch again on social mobility when we deal with the wearisome and ill-mannered debate on the so-called rise of the gentry which has vexed historians for so long, particularly Oxford historians. This dispute only arose, I suspect, because the class and capitalism explanation of social change in the modern world made it necessary to identify the rising gentry with the bourgeoisie, the middle class. There can be no doubt that the merchants of the towns and the gentry of the countryside were close enough to each other in social status to make it very easy for individuals, to pass from the manor house to the city, and back. We know for certain that it was the usual practice for a gentleman to apprentice one or other of his younger sons to the most lucrative trade he could manage, and to seek rich merchants' children for daughters-in-law, even sons-in-law.

Here we return at once to the family. The seventeenth-century family, we recognise, was patriarchal, it was authoritarian, it bound people together in tough, durable bands of kinship. The gentleman's son who went into the city, and perhaps married city money, remained part of the family in the manor house: his



Frontispiece to *The English Gentleman*, of 1633

\* Educated as distinct from being able to write one's name or even read a little. P. L.



sister did too, married as she might be to an alderman. The web of kinship now spread to enfold these city families. And naturally the cousins and in-laws were conscious of this relationship above all others. Snobbery is a universal characteristic.

If one married into the ruling segment, then, in this familial society, one was oneself caught up into it. One's son was born into it. A man might be only the second cousin in the female line of a minor gentle family, moreover, and yet end his life as a landed magnate and even a peer. This was so because mortality was so high. Moreover, virtually everyone married at this time: the marriage rate was higher even than in our day. Since there was no bar to intermarriage this meant that no enclave was likely to remain isolated socially from the rest; no bourgeoisie or middle class, living in its towns, socially withdrawn, is conceivable in a society such as this. No doubt there was a difference between the newly rich city father who shared his grandchildren with a small gentleman in the adjoining countryside. But there would be, could be, no difference for the grandchildren themselves when they succeeded. And this would happen soon, because death was so common, because the generations changed so quickly. We have talked as if only the merchants could have formed a middle class, and have said nothing about the lawyers and the professions, or the clergy. To some extent the city dwellers in the world before industry had an identity of their own, but they surely cannot be said to form a class, a layer in the whole cake, a conscious, permanent community of their own, capable of replacing the ruling segment which I am trying to describe.

Last week I showed how this society lacked economic continuity—that it had no firms, no businesses. This meant that life in the city was far more changeable than it was in the country. When money was made, it went into land, land which was the only safe investment, land which itself brought social consequence and membership of the ruling segment. It was land and land alone which gave a family permanence—a sense of the future. The object of making money was to found a family, because your life was short and because a family was the accepted, inevitable end of all that you did. Best of all was a family recognized as a member of that nationwide network of gentle families which formed the ruling segment.

I might have said which constituted England.

Other countries were not necessarily quite the same, but they cannot concern us here. I should like rather to turn to students of literature, because the literary critics of our generation have been even more prone to talk about this society in class terms than the historians. I myself cannot see how they can hope to understand a play of Shakespeare's, even a poem of Milton's, if they do not have in their minds the familial picture which I am trying to paint for you. To see the literary inspiration of these men coming from large-scale, class-based social movement and not to recognize that the cellular character



'The Harvesters', by Peter Bruegel, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

of society in their day made all such movement impossible, seems to me to be gratuitous. We may also remark in passing that it is highly important to Americans as well as to the Englishmen that they should begin to make sense of seventeenth-century society—for this is where they began.

I have yet to touch on the outstanding defect of the expression 'middle class', as an explanation of anything about the world we have lost. It implies the existence of an upper class and a lower class. I hope I have made it clear that the grades above the mere gentry in the status system were not separate communities, not by themselves or in combination a class or set of classes. The people in these grades formed the aristocracy, and socially they were certainly above the gentry, or the gentry and the citizenry combined. They formed the permanent establishment, those families which had got to the very top. They had to be there *pour encourager les autres*. Their numbers were infinitely small and their wealth and power obviously insignificant as compared with the rest of the ruling segment. But there could be no point in making such a comparison. They could not be a 'class', not in the sense that men have talked of a middle class.

I incline to the view that all such talk is misinformed, about any society, our own or that of our ancestors. Class is certainly entirely deceptive if it is applied to those who did the work in the world we have lost. We must remember who they were, the servants living in the houses, paid not in money so much as in keep, the apprentices, the children. At any time before the present century at least a third of all the people alive were under the age of sixteen: in the seventeenth century it was probably more like a half. These were the youths whom we should call the workers, separated into the myriad cells, familial cells, which went to make up the society. They were held apart from each other by the social system, subsumed as we have said within the personalities of their fathers and masters. Many of them were to die before they ever handled money of their own, most of them were to die before they reached the age of marriage, and so became full citizens.

The working families were poor it is true, poor on the Asiatic scale, especially in the countryside. At least one contemporary openly referred to them by our modern term 'proletariat'. Throughout the life of the old social order, men were quite well aware that the peasantry might at any time break out into violence against landlords, against merchants, against the whole social order. The journeymen out of their time but unable to set up for themselves, the small masters miserably dependent on the capital of the rich masters, men like these in the industrial and commercial world might also take to violence. But the head



Drawing of a seventeenth-century beggar, by Jacques Callot



of the poorest working family was at least the head of something. The workers did not form a myriad of 'outs', facing, envying, resenting a handful of 'ins'. They were not in what we should call a mass situation. They could not be what we should call a class.

I shall have to discuss social change and revolution at greater length in my next talk. All that I have tried to do here is to convince you that the world we have lost was a one-class society. It lived its whole life, its overt political and intellectual life anyway, in and through an élite.

Let me remind you again of who these people were who constituted this élite, how they were geographically placed. There were about 10,000 parishes in England, each with its scattering of hamlets. Four-fifths of all the people lived in the countryside, and the typical group of houses comprised perhaps forty families, 200 people. A number of these families would have a part to play in the industrial as well as the agricultural life of the area. One or two of the forty families would be families of the gentry, living in

splendid houses which we still admire, owning the land, unmistakably conspicuous in the way they talked, the way they dressed, the way they behaved. To each little knot of houses then, a larger house, *the* house, the manor house, and the family in the manor house might enfold the whole complex of families around it. Stuart England was the gentry, for most historians' purposes.

I cannot pretend that I understand how the élite was related to the whole. How far, we might ask, was the relationship between manor house and tenant's cottage a patriarchal relationship? The evidence has to be sorted and studied all over again by the new school of sociological historians which I think I see coming into being in this country. One thing I am convinced about: they will have to show a literary sensitivity to all those subtle mechanisms which give consent to a minority to live for all the rest; and it will be the symbolic life of our ancestors with which they must begin, with their symbols of status.—*Third Programme*

*This is the second of three talks. The last talk entitled 'Social Change and Revolution' will be published next week*

## Painting of the Month

# Seurat's 'Une Baignade, Asnières'

By MICHAEL AYRTON

**U**NE Baignade, Asnières' is the work of an artist who was born almost exactly 100 years ago—in December 1859. Georges Seurat was one of the greatest, and is one of the most famous, of the post-Impressionists although certainly not one of the most popular, and he is the only master of the school he founded, which came to be called neo-Impressionist. He is, in my view, despite his great celebrity, an artist much misunderstood. There are two reasons for this: first, a cool austerity about his genius which people find forbidding, and, secondly, his novel painting technique—his way of putting the paint on canvas in small dots. This has overshadowed other and more important aspects of his work.

## Observer of Nature and Intellectual Master

Curiously enough, he is misunderstood in rather the same way as an earlier and even greater artist, Paolo Uccello, who was the subject of Sir Philip Hendy's opening talk\* in this series. But whereas Seurat's disdain for charm has motivated against him, the survival of a body of Uccello's most charming, elegant, and decorative paintings has contributed to a failure to understand his more profound achievements. There are two different artists in Uccello, the great master of the 'Deluge', to be found among the shadowy splendours of the 'Chiostro Verde' frescoes, and the superb decorator who painted the battle pieces. Equally, there are two Seurats, the exquisite impressionist observer of nature in the *plein air* sketches, and the aloof, intellectual master of the large studio pictures into which he poured his whole mind and heart.

The word 'perspective' has bedevilled poor Uccello's reputation ever since Vasari related the famous anecdote about his wife trying to get him to go to bed and his unwillingness to leave the sweet science for the alternative of sleep. Yet the most familiar Uccellos, like the 'Rout of San Romano' which we have in the National Gallery, are not remarkable for their researches into space in depth. Like its companion pieces in the Louvre and the Uffizi, 'The Rout' was painted to simulate tapestry and intentionally designed in shallow depth—deliberately flattened—for this reason. Perspective, in the usual sense of the word, is far more profoundly exploited in the 'Deluge', but its high watermark in the *quattrocento* is reached in the work of Piero della Francesca, and this has led to rather patronizing criticism of Uccello's perspective as primitive. Nevertheless, as Sir Philip has said, the words 'perspective' and 'Uccello' are synonymous. No less so are the words 'pointillisme' and Seurat. But *pointillisme*, as such, is not the secret of Seurat's greatness nor, in my view, is 'perspective' the key to Uccello.

The reason for this comparison and for this rather extended preamble is that the key to Uccello is also the key to Seurat, although there are 400 years between them, and their work appears so different. Both these great artists were preoccupied with the poetry of mathematics.

It is not easy for the casual spectator to come to terms with the profound and subtle intellectual study of pictorial geometry, and it is especially difficult in the present day when people are conditioned to believe that art is entirely a product of feeling and emotion and intuition. We revel in romantic notions about inspiration and spontaneity which are commonly thought to be the atmosphere in which all painters work. It is, however, as important to recognize the mathematics in the art of Seurat, in order that he should be understood, as it is to recognize the mathematics in the music of Bach, if he is to be fully enjoyed.

Let me then try to examine very briefly what preoccupied both Uccello and Seurat in their different periods, and how the disciplines they imposed upon themselves contributed to their achievements.

The system of linear perspective established by the architect Brunelleschi early in the fifteenth century caused much excitement in its time, and continued to play a vital part in painting until the beginning of the twentieth. The fame of this system, however, has rather eclipsed another, and no less important, preoccupation of the Renaissance artist, and one which is closely allied to perspective: the relationship between measured geometrical shapes and intervals, and so-called 'perfect' forms. The Florentines were convinced that beauty could be measured and then re-created by measurement. Such measurable proportions they called *certainzze* (or 'certainties'), and to arrive at such certainties and extend the vocabulary of certainty, Euclidean geometry was the vital tool. Several thousand years earlier the Greeks had tackled problems in the arts in the same way, and the mystique of number was inherent in Greek, no less than in Renaissance art. The Pythagorean proposition that the entire complex of appearances could be reduced to five regular bodies obsessed the Renaissance artist quite as much as linear perspective, and it is to this aspect of pictorial geometry that, it seems to me, Uccello was devoted. These regular bodies are the five regular polyhedra. I cannot go deeply into the matter here, but the point about these polyhedra is that because they are 'perfect' they form a perfect basis for formal design. Cézanne's famous dictum about natural appearances being reducible to the cone, the cube, and the cylinder has a similar geometrical concept behind it.

The divinity of proportion, the mathematically perfect ratios between every shape and form in the rectangle of a picture accounts for Uccello's preoccupation with the plates, cylinders,



and metal ornament of armour, the pattern of lances, and so on. In Seurat's harbour scenes exactly the same preoccupation with the frozen music of geometry is paramount. Every windlass, every bollard, fence post, jetty, and mast is placed precisely to accord with those *certezze* of geometry of which perhaps the most celebrated is the 'golden section', that 'perfect' division of a line. But because these sacred, mysterious, and complicated mechanics are very subtly disguised, the things that strike the spectator are the curiously unrealistic rocking horses of Uccello and those damned dots in Seurat's later work. Both these are by-products of genius, but they have obscured the real nature of the greatness of these two artists.

'Une Baignade, Asnières' is the first and, in some ways, the most satisfactory of the seven big pictures which Georges Seurat produced in his short life. Before contemplating the 'Baignade' in detail, let us get rid of the curtain of dots which obscures Seurat. *Pointillisme* is a method of painting arrived at from the theory of *divisionisme*, an optical theory based mainly upon the researches of the scientist Chevreul. As a method of painting *pointillisme* involves the laborious juxtaposition of innumerable tiny spots of pure colour—based on divisions of the spectrum—which are intended to mix in the air between the canvas and the spectator. That is to say, if one stands at a distance from the picture the dots blend into tones that describe form and colour. The harmony is governed, theoretically, by the duration of light impressions on the human retina. The whole concept is faulty, far more fallible indeed than Brunelleschi's monocular perspective system, and Seurat's passionate addiction to laws and systems of aesthetic harmony led him into this *impasse*—an alley in which his followers, such as Signac, Luce, and so on, not being men of genius, were trapped, dotting away like doctrinaire lunatics in a decorative shower of confetti.

The 'Baignade' precedes Seurat's full development of this tedious theory. It is not a *pointilliste* picture, although he added some *pointilliste* retouchings to it, notably on the hat of the boy in the water in the right foreground. The 'Baignade' is painted in a technique known as *balayé*, in which the colours are mixed in the traditional fashion on the palette, but used dryly and with a very small admixture of oil. They are applied to the canvas in short strokes with square, hog's hair brushes, the strokes diminishing in size towards the horizon.

The design of the picture is majestic; and here Seurat's addiction to theory is utterly justified. No artist since Raphael has had a surer command of the resources of geometry, and the line goes back from Seurat through Ingres and Poussin to the 'School at Athens', then to Piero della Francesca, and ultimately to the Uccello of 'The Deluge' in the 'Chiostrò Verde'. The desire for order is essentially a classical preoccupation, and by classical I mean the desire to arrive at an impersonal, universal image. This means, to the artist, the clarification and extension of a particular experience into a general one. It is to be able to say, as it were, in paint: 'I shall take this specific thing at which I am looking—say an apple—and make an image of it which, in the completeness of its realization, will stand as *the* apple of apples'. Not, as a romantic might say, 'this is my special, personal apple and this picture expresses my feelings about this apple'. No, the classical apple expresses nothing about the artist—except incidentally—but everything about apples. The image simply exists in its own right.



'Une Baignade, Asnières', by Georges Seurat

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

This attitude of mind produces a noble art of the kind which the late Bernard Berenson has called 'ineloquent', meaning that it achieves a timeless, monumental grandeur which, in its absence of rhetoric, is the true and splendid expression of emotion recollected in tranquillity. You will find it supremely in Piero della Francesca, you will find it in Ingres portraits, you will sometimes find it in Degas and always in Cézanne, but not in Van Gogh and not in Turner. The only English artist who has demonstrated it is Stubbs.

The 'Baignade' is just such a monumental and ineloquent picture. It is poetic and deeply felt, but the image is governed, throughout, by an extraordinary intellectual clarity and the calm exercise of a prodigious will. The poetic element is pastoral. The relaxed figures brooding in the sunshine are all of them isolated. As individuals they make no human contact with one another. They manifest no visible emotion, but seem to be content simply to exist—to be—making no particular gesture, unless the boy on the right, waist-deep in water, calls to a companion. If he does, no one takes any notice. But the figures are precisely and delicately related to one another as elements of the design. The balance and distribution of the solid, heavy bodies, bathed in light, gives to the picture its solemn tranquillity.

Seurat's ambition in the 'Baignade' was a large one. He wished to bring a classical order to Impressionism without losing the crispness of handling and the luminosity of colour which that movement had achieved, and, at the same time, he sought to transpose a technique which had evolved from the sketch—the 'impression'—up to the scale of a picture 6 foot by 12 foot (or to be exact 71½ inches by 144½ inches). The picture is therefore the height of a tall man and twice the length.

This problem of scale required the translation of a method suitable for the oil sketch, a few inches long, into a means of achieving a work conceived like a Renaissance fresco, but without trickery. Furthermore, Seurat wanted to give to the appearance of every-day people, and very ordinary ones, the air of noble permanence which the Florentines had achieved, but without any of the overt splendours of exotic costume and setting, familiar to the fifteenth century—without, as it were, Uccello's knights in armour. For this reason the anatomy of the figures is simplified and all detail is subordinated to the clarity of the overall design.

In terms of actual size, Seurat's 'Baignade' is not a big picture, but it was a very large undertaking for the artist himself. Since the Middle Ages the size of a picture has usually been predetermined, and in the case of big pictures their architectural setting



has been the determining factor. But by the end of the nineteenth century public patronage was philistine. The greatest talents alive in France were not, and did not expect to be, employed upon projects in public buildings which would have given them scope for work on a large scale. Delacroix was the last great master to have achieved this good fortune.

The painting of Degas, Renoir, Cézanne and the other masters of this period tended to be of modest size for economic reasons, apart from any others, since their setting lay, if anywhere, in the bourgeois dining rooms of enlightened, but not particularly wealthy, collectors. Nevertheless, the urge to work large persists among European artists, even when the onus of the challenge, set by earlier masters, must rest on the ambition of the artist alone. Seurat met that challenge regardless of any lack of commission. The architectural setting for the 'Baignade', which in another age would have imposed its dimensions, existed only in his mind, yet the picture is as architectural as one of Piero della Francesca's Arezzo frescoes. The 'Baignade', although it is the largest of Seurat's works, is little more than half the size of one single scene from Piero's corpus of work on the walls of the nave of the church of San Francesco. Even so, the 'Baignade' has a grandeur which makes one remember it as much larger than it is. Monumentality is the result of scale and style rather than size itself.

Sir Kenneth Clark has pointed out that although Seurat had not been to Italy and indeed had never seen a Piero della Francesca—for there are none in France—he knew the copies, which hung in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, of two of Piero's Arezzo frescoes, by the painter Loyaux. Furthermore, he must also have known Uccello's battle piece in the Louvre, the companion picture to our own 'Rout of San Romano', so there is perhaps a direct link between these two artists.

The influence of this splendid moment in Italian art—the period preceding the 'High Renaissance'—upon Seurat, was clearly profound, and his temperamental affinity with Uccello and with Piero is something to be wondered at in a young artist of his time. In the light of these sparse examples (in a period before the earlier fifteenth-century masters were much admired) Seurat set about the titanic task of re-creating a comparable monumental art.

At the age of twenty-four, with the utmost deliberation and the most painstaking calculation, he began to realize this ambition. He chose a site on the river at Asnières, an industrial suburb north of Paris, and settled down to assemble the visual data he

required. He worked for months on the spot, painting on little wooden panels fitted into the lid of a small paintbox. At his death, thirteen such *croquetons*, made as preparation for the 'Baignade' were found in his studio, and he may have made many more. They are masterly fragments of summary impressionism. In his studio he made numerous careful and beautiful drawings from models, and studies of the pile of clothes which occupies the centre of the foreground of the picture. Finally, he evolved from these fragments, with the aid of his studies in geometry, the great painting itself.

Impressionism as a movement, expressly concerned with the transitory play of light on form, although still subject to critical desecration, had largely established itself by 1884. The years that followed saw the Impressionists, and Monet in particular, accepted at least by a section of the public. The great struggle was over; but further developments had already taken place. The immediacy of Impressionism, with its total concentration on spontaneity, its sketchiness, seemed to Seurat—and no less to Cézanne—to have about it a distressing impermanence. Both artists, in their different ways, felt that the quality of architectural stability was necessary as a part of great painting, and this Impressionism, of its nature, lacked.

Discontented with forms which seemed to shift about in a frothing bath of light, the great masters of the 'eighties began to seek to rebuild the solid structure of painting which they felt had become vitiated. And to this restoration of formal order Seurat, in his twenty-fifth year, made a most profound contribution. In the eighteen-eighties post-Impressionism was born.

Seurat himself was a withdrawn and reticent man. He saw his own art as dispassionate. When friends praised his work, he irritably dismissed their praises. 'They see', he said, 'poetry in what I have done. No: I apply my method, and that is all there is to it'. It may seem, perhaps, that he was right—that a mathematical method is at the opposite pole from poetry, and that when I insist that there is poetry in the 'Baignade' I seem to contradict myself. I do not; and I do not think a mathematician would think it absurd to call mathematics a poetic form. In fact all the arts have more to do with mathematics than many people think. There is poetry to be seen in Seurat's work: a serene poetry of almost puritanical gravity. However firmly he tried to organize and order his vision, there is, in the almost sacerdotal tranquillity of his best works, great visual poetry. He applied his method, but that is not all there is to it.—*Home Service*

## Two Poems

### The Counterpart

Since clarity suggests simplicity  
And since the simple thing is here inapt,  
I choose obscurities of tongue and touch,  
The shadow side of language and the dark  
Hinted in conversations close to quarrel,  
Conceived within the mind in aftermaths.  
The intellect no crystal is but swarming  
Darkness on darkness, gently ruffled by  
The senses as they draw an image home.

If art must be abstract that needs to speak  
In honesty, in painful honesty,  
Then every scene must be composed likewise,  
Familiar objects turn to careful shapes,  
Gestures be stiff, emotions emblematic.  
So art makes peace with honesty and we  
Detect a blazing, a Byzantine world,  
A formal image shining from the dark  
But no less enigmatic than the dark.

Only in such decorum can our pain  
Survive without dilution or pretence.

The agony of loss, the potent thrust  
Of seed that never will become a child  
Need the severity of metaphor,  
The symbol on the shield, the dove, the lion  
Fixed in a stillness where the darkness folds  
In pleated curtains, nothing disarranged:  
And only then the eye begins to see.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

### Mens Sana

Grown weary, not with loss of faith,  
But in the bone, and in the flesh;  
Blood a stream poisoned by time,  
Veins thickened in experience,  
And treachery in every sense  
Of the failing five.

If there's a wraith,  
It is the body, the false mesh  
Which I've broken, trying to climb  
Out of the labyrinth of life,  
Tangled in religion's theory.  
But the mind has not grown weary.

RICHARD CHURCH



# The Birds of Ascension Island

By BERNARD STONEHOUSE

**A** FEW degrees south of the Equator, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, there is a small island which everybody knows by name but few have ever visited: Ascension Island—thirty-eight square miles of lava and ash, an extinct volcano thrust from the bed of the ocean and standing in isolation. The nearest neighbour is St. Helena, 700 miles away, and the nearest land mass is Africa, 1,200 miles to the east. I have recently returned from spending eighteen months on Ascension; in charge of a small expedition, I have been studying the birds and other animals of the island.

Among the birds we studied were the famous wideawake terns,



Recording the sounds made by a frigate bird

which flock to the island in hundreds of thousands to rear their young. There is a legend of Ascension concerning a cast-away who was put ashore 200 years ago as a punishment for some terrible crime. He was plagued, and eventually driven mad, by the voices of a thousand devils calling and shrieking his name on the night air. He was probably hearing the return of the wide-

awakes at the beginning of their breeding season.

Ascension was discovered in 1501 by a Portuguese captain bound for the Cape. It was first occupied permanently in 1815. When Napoleon was imprisoned on St. Helena the two islands of Ascension and Tristan da Cunha, much further south, were garrisoned by the Royal Navy, in case the French made a rescue attempt from either of them. The Tristan garrison was withdrawn after a year, but the Ascension garrison stayed on. After Napoleon's death it was still maintained, occupied then by Royal Marines and used as a hospital and supply depot.

Ascension remained a naval base for more than 100 years. In 1899 the first submarine cable was brought ashore in Comfortless Cove, and a station of the Eastern Telegraph Company was set up in Georgetown. In 1922 the navy left the island, and the cable company took it on lease from the Colonial Office. Now it is an important link in the Commonwealth cable and wireless network. In 1942 it assumed a new importance: an airstrip was carved out of the volcanic rock and Ascension became a stepping stone for military aircraft flying between Brazil and West Africa. More recently, it has become an outpost of the American Atlantic Guided Missile Range.

One cannot land on Ascension unless one has a job there; although passenger ships call every month, the passengers are not allowed ashore without the express permission of the Magistrate, who represents the Government of St. Helena on the island.

Our business on Ascension was neither with cables and wireless nor with guided missiles. We were a scientific expedition representing the British Ornithologists' Union, and we were there to study in particular the seabirds of the island. We were not bird-watchers in the normal sense, arising

at crack of dawn to peer with binoculars at feathered friends. In our eighteen months stay we ringed more than 6,000 birds and marked more than 1,700 nests. We weighed, measured, counted; we made statistical analyses, collected food samples, and investigated closely the ways of life of the birds. On Ascension and neighbouring Boatswain Bird Island, a rock just off the coast, we probably had between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 birds of fifteen different kinds, most of them so tame that they could be picked up by hand or caught easily in a net.

We were particularly concerned with problems of breeding cycles. In England, in temperate regions generally, it has been shown that the breeding of birds and other animals is related to day length. Breeding behaviour, courtship and pairing, are triggered off by increasing day length and increasing warmth in the spring, so that young are born or hatched when food is at its most plentiful and climatic conditions are at their best. In the tropics, on Ascension for instance, the length of day is about the same all the year round, and there is little difference between winter and summer temperatures. We wanted to know how breeding cycles are controlled when the normal controlling factors remain so constant. Do the birds breed all the year round, or

do they observe strict seasons like the birds of temperate regions? Do individual birds breed every year, or at less than annual intervals?

We knew, for instance, that the wideawake tern was said to breed at intervals of nine to ten months, which seemed strange and could not be fitted into any possible annual cycle. Little is known concerning the factors in control of breeding cycles, and we hoped to obtain a new light on the problem by finding out what happens in large seabird populations on a tropical island.



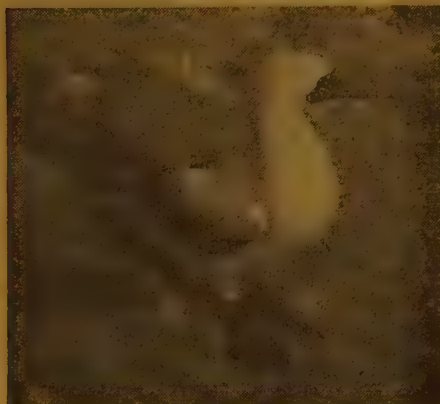
A fairy tern



The plains of Ascension Island from Green Mountain



Ascension has one of the best climates in the world, with temperatures seldom above 95 degrees or below 70 degrees, very little rain, cooling trade winds all the year round, and warm seas to bathe in. There is one mountain in the middle of the island, rising to 2,800 feet, capped with green pasture and forest, and much cooler than the plain below. Every few weeks we would spend a



White booby

The wideawake terns breed on the main island of Ascension, disappearing for three months between the end of one season and the start of the next, and returning in swarms when breeding is about to begin. There are wild cats on the island, descendants of household and ships' cats imported originally to keep down rats and mice; they take a heavy toll of wideawakes every year, and they have driven most of the other seabird species off the main island altogether.

To see the rest of the birds we had to travel to Boatswain Bird Island, 200 yards off the shore but three-quarters-of-an-hour's run in the boat from the nearest point of landing. Boatswain Bird Island today shows how Ascension must have looked 300 or 400

years ago, before goats, rats, and cats ploughed their way through the bird populations. It is a guano-covered island, gleaming white like an iced cake in the sunlight, and almost every available nook and corner is occupied by birds. There are two species of booby, one rather like the British gannet of Bass Rock, two species of boatswain birds with long, streamer tails, frigate birds, black and sinister with eight-foot wing spans and vicious, hawk-like beaks. Then there are noddy terns and delightful white fairy terns which flutter in clouds above your head and peer at you with enormous black eyes. The clowns of Boatswain Bird Island are the masked boobies, large white birds, with long, sharp beaks and quizzical eyes, which occupy the top of the island and spend most of their time disputing with their neighbours. We usually stayed on Boatswain Bird Island for a few days at a time, living in a tiny hut on the landing platform, going the rounds of our marked birds and nests, taking notes of behaviour and measuring the growing chicks. It was interesting, sometimes exciting, work, in which we amassed information quickly. Now the real work of the expedition is under way, the sorting of the information, the analysis, and the writing up. It will be several months before we are ready to publish our results and our book of the expedition, telling our full story of the birds and the island of Ascension.

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A yellow-billed boatswain bird on Boatswain Bird Island

Photographs: British Ornithologists' Union

—Home Service

## The Effect of Gravity on Light

By D. W. SCIAMA

FIFTY years have passed since Einstein first used his theory of relativity to predict that light is affected by gravity. Until recently, the only attempts to check his predictions have been made by astronomers, because measurable effects could be expected only on an astronomical scale. Indeed, even the astronomers have had a hard time, and the extent of their success is still a matter for dispute. It was therefore a delightful surprise to hear a few weeks ago that physicists at Harwell and at Harvard had succeeded in measuring in the laboratory an influence of gravity on light. This dramatic development was made possible by a technical discovery which increased the accuracy of certain measurements at least a thousand-fold. It then became possible to demonstrate that when light moves under gravity, its colour changes. The measurements showed that if light falls under gravity it becomes bluer; that is, the frequency of the vibrations increases; and if it rises against gravity, it becomes redder—the frequency decreases.

There is a simple way of seeing that this is not very surprising. The energy of light waves increases with their frequency: for instance, high frequency X-rays are more penetrating, and more destructive; than low frequency infra-red rays; so the change in colour means that light waves are gaining energy as they fall. Material bodies also gain energy when they fall under gravity, so we seem to have here a natural analogy. On the other hand, lumps of matter are very different from electromagnetic waves, and it is not obvious that gravity should act similarly on them both. The assertion that gravity does exactly this is a characteristic feature of Einstein's theory of relativity, and I want to try to explain what led Einstein to this conclusion.

But first I must point out that this is just one aspect of the whole of Einstein's theory. Only part of Einstein's work—the so-called general theory—deals with gravitation, and this general theory itself is based on two ideas. One is the idea that space is curved, a feature of the theory that has caused much popular confusion and misunderstanding. This feature is irrelevant to the new experiments. In thinking about them, we can concentrate on one idea: Einstein's explanation of why matter has inertia.

The word inertia conjures up a vision of laziness, and indeed it is fair to say that matter is lazy. It takes an effort to get matter moving, as anyone who has pushed a garden roller knows. But there is more to it than that. It also takes an effort to stop the garden roller once it has started. In other words, a body will change its speed only if it is acted on by a force. It is usually obvious what it is that is exerting the force. With the garden roller, for instance, it is the man who is pushing it. On closer inspection this reduces to the forces exerted by the atoms of his hand on those of the handle. These forces are basically electrical in origin. In the case of the Earth moving round the Sun, the force involved is gravitational. But there is one kind of force that at first sight appears to be disembodied, to lack a corresponding physical object that could be regarded as its source. This is the so-called inertial force which is central to Einstein's theory.

Suppose you are driving a car very fast and you suddenly slam on the brakes—you will be thrown violently into the steering wheel. The force that throws you is called an inertial force. Or suppose you take a corner much too fast—you will be thrown sideways, again by an inertial force. These forces are



called inertial because to a bystander it is the car that suddenly changes its speed, while it is your inertia that keeps you going, so that you eventually collide with the car. The name inertial force, then, is a reminder that from a bystander's point of view no force at all is acting on you (until you hit the car, of course).

It might be felt that this phrase, inertial force, is rather misleading, since whatever the bystander may say, the force is real enough to you. But to substantiate this view you must be able to point at the object or objects exerting the alleged force. This is not so easy. Indeed the absence of any obvious source for inertial forces led Newton to make the bold assertion that the bystander is a privileged observer: if *he* says there is no force acting on you then there is no force acting on you. Your description of the situation is misleading: the force you feel is fictitious, and so naturally it has no physical source.

### Newton's Bucket of Water

Since you are the person directly involved, this point of view seems rather unreasonable. Newton undoubtedly realized this, and he attempted to justify his attitude by the following argument. If a bucket of water is rotating rapidly, the water tends to climb up the sides of the bucket so that its surface becomes curved. From the water's point of view this curvature comes from the action of an inertial force: in fact, a force of just the type that throws a driver sideways when he takes a corner fast. What exerts this inertial force? Could it be the bucket? From the water's point of view, the rotating bucket will be at rest. But we know that a bucket at rest does not exert inertial forces, because when both water and bucket are not rotating the water surface is flat. Newton concluded that the bucket was not responsible for the inertial force acting on the water. A similar argument would then hold for any other object as well as for the bucket, so that the inertial force does not have a physical source at all. Accordingly, it is a fictitious force and the water's point of view is misleading.

The step in Newton's argument from the bucket to other objects was challenged first by Bishop Berkeley and then 150 years later by Ernst Mach. Berkeley pointed out that in fact the surface of the water is curved when it rotates relative to *the stars*, and not otherwise. From the water's point of view we can say that the surface is curved when the stars rotate around it, and not otherwise. This suggests that it is the rotating stars that exert the inertial force. If this suggestion is correct, inertial forces are not fictitious; they are just as real and physical as other forces. Accordingly, the water's viewpoint is perfectly valid, and so is the car driver's.

Einstein accepted the idea that moving stars give rise to inertial forces, and went on to ask the question: what type of forces are they? Are they completely new, or are they an old type in disguise, perhaps electrical or gravitational? In attempting to answer this question, Einstein saw that a particular property of inertial forces is decisive: namely, that a given inertial force produces the same acceleration in all the objects it acts on. For instance, when a car's brakes are slammed on, children and adults are thrown forward at the same rate, for this is just the rate at which a bystander sees the car slow down.

With this special property of inertial forces in mind, Einstein surveyed the types of force already known, in the hope that it would not be necessary to invent a new one. He immediately ruled out electric and magnetic forces, since they do not satisfy the conditions: neutral bodies, for example, are completely unaffected by them. This left only gravitational forces, but fortunately they have just the required property. For, as Galileo showed, the Earth's gravity induces the same acceleration in different bodies. Einstein therefore suggested that inertial forces are gravitational forces exerted by moving stars. This identification has come to be known as 'the principle of equivalence'.

This principle obviously tells us something about inertial forces, but it also tells us something about gravitational forces. For if we want to know the effect of gravitational forces on a particular physical system, it may be easier to work out the effect of inertial forces instead. The results, of course, will be equivalent if Einstein's principle is correct. For example, suppose we want to know the effect of gravity on the colour of light. This should be exactly

the same as the effect of inertial forces. So, imagine the source of light and the receiver to be accelerating together through space: like the car driver, this system will experience an inertial force. While the light is going from source to receiver, the system is accelerating, and so the speed of the receiver is changing. In other words, the speed of the source at the moment the light is emitted will be different from the speed of the receiver when the light reaches it. This difference in speed gives rise to a change in colour: a well-known phenomenon, the so-called Doppler effect. So inertial forces change the colour of light, and according to the 'principle of equivalence' so must gravitational forces. This is precisely what the recent experiments have verified, and in numerical detail.

Here, then, are the first laboratory tests of the 'principle of equivalence' as applied to light. Such tests are valuable, but they represent only a partial confirmation of Einstein's theory. For Einstein found that he also had to modify Newton's law of gravity. This modification needs to be confirmed, too, but so far there have been few reliable tests, mainly because the expected deviations from Newton's theory are so small. The only well-established tests involve measuring very slight effects in the orbits of the Earth and Mercury round the Sun. Even the famous bending of the path of light as it passes near the sun has not been established to the satisfaction of all the experts. Future tests of Einstein's theory are hard to anticipate. Perhaps the most exciting would be if technical developments led to the detection of gravitational waves. Meanwhile we must be grateful for the evidence we have recently gained, which firmly establishes that gravity acts on light.

—Network Three

## Japan Physical

These horned islands that the passing seas  
Rake and rumple to their dragonish end  
Are muscled with mountains, light  
With lakes where long, vermilion bridges bend.

The leaning pines of ravaged bays extend  
Such male, inventive headlands, cocked  
At the salty tip like temple roofs:  
Hilltops are tiled with knotted water-plots.

Hokkaido, tufted devilfish in ragged rocks,  
Honshu, rough-spined, vigorous eel,  
Shikoku, a ribbed and plated crab, and green  
Kyushu, sea horse on a capering keel.

Medieval monsters, sea chevaliers in scaly mail,  
They thresh in the pale-jade foam of atlases, and toss,  
Like poems, the rich ejaculations of the lesser isles,  
Carelessly work and wanton, energetic, handy boys.

These crusted urchins leap with antic noise.  
Eloquently silent, the sea displays them like a fan  
Of paper, blossomed with the spuming sand—  
The neat, tremendous garden of Japan.

JAMES KIRKUP

## Anniversary

Less for love than fancy made,  
This day of ornaments and sighs;  
Your jewelled, quite convex breast now must  
With each convention fall and rise.

So, Althea, lovely wench,  
Yesterday's Xantippe—look!  
Tangled in your hair I lie,  
Forever lovelaced my peruke.

Look homeward, doll, and sport with me.  
Our union is mysterious:  
If I seem to play with words,  
You must think me serious.

PERRY ORGAN



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 6-12

## Wednesday, April 6

The names are announced of the members of the advisory body on the future of the British Transport Commission

The South African Minister of Justice, Mr. Erasmus, says that Africans must carry passes again

President and Madame de Gaulle entertain the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to dinner at the French Embassy

## Thursday, April 7

President de Gaulle addresses both Houses of Parliament in Westminster Hall

South African police carry out a raid on the African township of Nyanga, near Cape Town, and arrest about 200 people

Scotland Yard is to set up a training school for cadets to try to overcome problems of recruiting

## Friday, April 8

The House of Commons condemns South Africa's racial policies. Security police there arrest more than 100 people, including Europeans and Asians, in five main cities

Prince Andrew is christened at Buckingham Palace

President de Gaulle returns to France after his State Visit to this country

## Saturday, April 9

An attempt is made on the life of Dr. Verwoerd, the Prime Minister of South Africa

## Sunday, April 10

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd flies to the United States for talks with other Western Foreign Secretaries to prepare for next month's 'Summit' conference

A Nato training base for guided missiles is to be built in Crete

Canada protests to South Africa over the arrest of the Foreign Editor of the *Toronto Star*

## Monday, April 11

South African police arrest another journalist, Mrs. Myrna Mackenzie, Cape Town correspondent of the *London Daily Herald*

The Government accepts the Royal Commission's recommendations on doctors' and dentists' pay

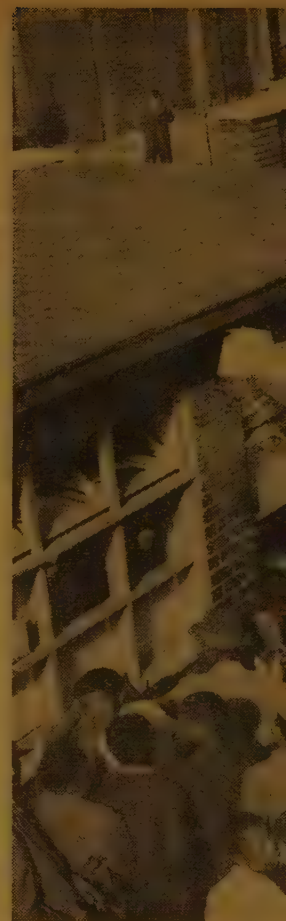
## Tuesday, April 12

Three Western Foreign Ministers begin their talks in Washington in preparation for the Summit Conference

Death of Sir Archibald McIndoe, the plastic surgeon



Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, inspecting prize cattle at an agricultural show in Johannesburg on April 9 shortly before an attempt was made on his life; he was shot twice in the face at close range after speaking at the official opening of the exhibition. It was announced on April 11 that Dr. Verwoerd, who is recovering in hospital in Pretoria, would remain in charge of the Government



Africans wishing to return Africans stayed away from



Crosses of Lorraine lit by fireworks during the display staged in St. James's Park on April 5 on the occasion of the State Visit of President and Madame de Gaulle. It was the biggest firework display in London since the coronation



The scene in





for new passes at an office in Johannesburg last week. Thousands of burnt their passes as a protest after the shootings during a demonstration of Sharpeville three weeks ago



Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the outlawed African National Congress in Nyasaland who was recently released after a year's detention in Rhodesia, arriving at London airport for a private visit on April 7. Speaking later at a press conference Dr. Banda said that at the constitutional conference on Nyasaland, to be held in London this summer, he would ask for immediate self-government and for secession from the Central African Federation



House, Covent Garden, on April 7 when the French visitors were the guests of the Queen of ballet. The royal box was decorated with thousands of pink carnations



President de Gaulle talking to some of the kindergarten pupils when he and Madame de Gaulle visited the French Lycée in South Kensington on April 7



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Saving Nubia's Past from the Flood

Sir,—In reply to the letter from Mr. H. S. W. Edwardes in THE LISTENER of April 7 I can only give the following facts provided by Unesco. Whereas the present Aswan Dam has a maximum level of 397 feet, the level of the High Dam will, by 1965 at the latest, be about 436 feet. This rise in water level will submerge or gravely damage monuments near the river bank like the temples at Abu Simbel, nearly two hundred miles south of the High Dam. But this will only be the first phase. The second phase, still in the planning stage, will—between 1968 and 1975—involve a rise from 436 feet to 597 feet; that is to say, 200 feet above the level of the present dam.

The damage done by water to the temples of Nubian sandstone can be seen already—from the annual partial floodings of some of them which followed the last raising of the present dam—to be greater than the effects of wind erosion over centuries. Flooding moreover affects both the interior and exterior of such buildings. By no means all the antiquities, Egyptian or otherwise, in Nubia have been adequately photographed and recorded. This is going on at Abu Simbel, for example, at the present time. Whether such a monument is worth preserving at such heavy cost in money is a matter of opinion. There are some archaeologists who would prefer to see the money devoted to the exploration of new sites, to recording, and publication, and to the removal of parts of monuments of special interest, rather than to attempts to preserve whole buildings by earth dams and the like in a setting which will be very different from what their ancient architects had in mind. As regards exploration, as I tried to point out in my talk, this is most urgently required in the relatively unexplored area of Sudanese Nubia.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

L. P. KIRWAN

## The Mystery of the Elizabethan Stage

Sir,—Having frittered away much of his time in discussing theories about the Elizabethan stage long exploded, Dr. Southern (THE LISTENER, March 24), when at length he gets round to the occasion for his talk—my *Shakespeare's Wooden O*—has no room left to mention the historical evidence on which it is based. And naturally I have no room to repeat it here. May I however be allowed a brief correction?

Dr. Southern discusses three of my discoveries—that the Elizabethan open stage was theatre-in-the-round, that the tiring-house was underneath the stage, that the scenes stood opposed, facing each other from the stage-ends—the scenic axis was transverse. He styles these 'innovations'. But so far from being innovations, these features are very old indeed. As my evidence shows, they are all characteristics of the English medieval stage, traditionally and universally maintained by the Elizabethans.

What is an innovation is the assumption—first made in the eighteenth century, and thought-

lessly repeated ever since—that the 'wooden O' was an Italianate theatre like our own, an objective or 'spectacle' theatre which wastes its best audience-space next to the stage on a scenic wall or unified background. For Edward Alleyn, to abolish the hundreds of best and most lucrative seats on the protected south-west side of his square Fortune, to make room for an alien 'scenic wall'—such an innovation would have brought bankruptcy.

Dr. Southern has some questions. He asks whether the Hope's tiring-house-and-stage stood on trestles, as the contract stipulates. Trestles need be no more than a few inches in height, reducing only slightly the already limited head-room, and the Hope's was the only stage-and-tiring-house so reduced. But the players could of course dress in the lower property-dock, with which the tiring-house communicated. At his theatre in the Royal Exchange, Bernard Miles worked under a stage lower than the Hope's, and Miles is a bigger man than most Elizabethans.

Since stage and tiring-house were one fabric, Henslowe's 'room over the tirehouse' which was to be ceiled must have been the choice 'lords' room': often described as 'over the stage'.

In mentioning the fewness of 'discovery' scenes, Dr. Southern forgets the wealth of normal 'interior' scenes, scenes shown passing in a room. These all were shown by means of the removable posts-and-hangings near the stage-ends. Must it really be pointed out that the number of posts set to represent doors, walls, houses, rooms, bedchambers, or anything else, varied from play to play? As I indicated on page 132 of my book, 'Some plays would require more, some less'.

Yours, etc.,

Northford, Connecticut LESLIE HOTSON

## 'Systematic Soldiering' in Industry

Sir,—Mr. Richard O'Brien thinks that management consists in reconciling mutually conflicting claims of various groups.

The essence of management is in taking decisions—sometimes decisions that please nobody—and in looking ahead. A manager is not a glorified liaison officer.

Yours, etc.,

Tonbridge

A. R. N. ROBERTS

## Germany's Collective Shame

Sir,—Citing 'judicious' Germans in support, Mr. Lesser repeats the view that there is poison in the German soul. Of course, he could make a similar case against other nations, since not only Germany has experienced periods of barbarism and dictatorship. For example, damaging 'admissions' about (say) Jews, by themselves, could be collected, even without using the Old Testament. Naturally an outcry would greet their publication, because such criticism of anyone other than our German cousins is regarded as a crude expression of offensive racialism. Mr.

Lesser fails to realise that he cannot destroy a claim that Germans were the *Herrenvolk* by describing them with equal gusto as *Untermenschen*.

After the establishment of national socialism, social reconstruction restored the country economically, and pride in order replaced desperation in chaos: most adult citizens had reason to be fairly satisfied with their government. Possibly some civilians suspected the extent of cruelty during wartime, despite strict security measures, but, human nature being what it is, they acquiesced. Little was generally known about the concentration camp horrors, and it is significant that the Propaganda Ministry did not publicise them.

Mr. Lesser asks if no German knew of the promise by Hitler that if the Jews started a war it would end in their extermination in Europe. Those who believed him in 1939 may well have felt that under these circumstances the Jews deserved this fate; those who dissented had little chance to implement their opposition. Nevertheless, many Germans did resist nazism, and church circles particularly impeded anti-semitism.

Today, in any case, effective anti-semitism is impossible where Allied indoctrination of liberal-minded politicians (as the aftermath of recent swastika-daubing showed) have so firmly established a guilt-complex, and where Jews retain little influence. And in his talk on German 'collective shame', Professor Mitscherlich said the remarkable desire of his compatriots to participate in a unified Europe revealed their wish to rid relations with their neighbours of hatred and aggressiveness. Can we not then return to the occasion, to treat the Germans with friendly understanding instead of making the victims for futile vindictive spite?

Their capacity for splendid cultural and technical achievement, their kindness, and their capability for self-criticism (a characteristic of Mr. Lesser's quotations reveal, paradoxical as it can be fostered and developed within a brotherhood of Good Europeans. For we shall never end trouble with the Germans without reconciliation within a united Europe, where their great qualities can be encouraged and their squalid shortcomings remain a distant memory for the future matters more than the past.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.17

DAVID ASHTON

[This correspondence is now closed.—Editor THE LISTENER.]

## Diocletian's Successors

Sir,—M. M. I. Finley says (THE LISTENER, March 10): 'What Diocletian failed to do, his Christian successors accomplished in reverse. They soon wiped paganism out, by methods less intolerant and brutal'.

This assertion ought not to be allowed to pass unchallenged. Into the witness-box we must call Edward Gibbon who was certainly not disposed to underrate the case for paganism.



After twenty-one of the *Decline and Fall* he quits Constantine of the charge of persecuting non-Christians because of their religion. Any measure introducing such persecution into the laws of his reign

would have blazed in front of the Imperial codes . . . but instead of this, Constantine . . . invites and exhorts in the most pressing terms, the subjects of the Roman empire to imitate the example of their master (i.e., in becoming adherents of the Christian religion); but he declares that those who still refuse to open their eyes to the celestial light may freely enjoy their temples and their fancied gods. A report that the ceremonies of paganism were suppressed is formally contradicted by the emperor himself, who wisely assigns as the principle of his moderation, the invincible force of habit, of prejudice and of superstition.

In an address to Christians, quoted by Eusebius, Constantine declared that idolators were permitted to offer sacrifices, and to exercise every part of their religious worship.

There was an edict of Constantine's successor, Constantius, against the practice of pagan religions, but this, says Gibbon, 'was either imposed without being published, or was published without being executed'. Constantius was praised by a pagan orator for the decency of his behaviour towards the old Roman cults.

He suffered the privileges of the vestal virgins to remain inviolate . . . he granted the customary allowances to defray the expenses of the public rites and sacrifices: and though he had embraced a different religion, he never attempted to deprive the empire of the sacred worship of antiquity. (Symmachus, quoted by Gibbon.)

Ammianus says that Constantius, on the occasion of his visit to Rome in A.D. 335 was not offended by the sight of the temples and altars. See *History of the Christian Church* by F. J. Jackson, chapter fifteen.)

The official revival of paganism by Julian, the successor of Constantius, was an absolute failure. To attempt to promote it against the advance of the Christian religion within the empire was a hopeless task, and persecution was scarcely needed to discourage adherence to the old religions. These cults might still exist, but they were not taken seriously, except by Julian himself who had to undergo the open ridicule of his subjects for the enthusiasm with which he attempted to foster them.

Under Jovian, the successor of Julian:

The consternation of the Pagan world was dispelled by a wise and gracious edict of toleration; in which Jovian explicitly declared that, although he should severely punish the sacrilegious rites of magic, his subjects might exercise, with freedom and safety, the ceremonies of the ancient worship. (Gibbon, chapter twenty-five.)

The Emperor Valentinian allowed to his subjects the privilege which he had assumed for himself; and they might accept, with gratitude and confidence, the general toleration which was granted by a prince addicted to passion, but incapable of fear or of disguise. The Pagans, the Jews, and all the various sects which acknowledged the divine authority of Christ, were protected by the laws from arbitrary power or popular insult; nor was any form of worship prohibited by Valentinian, except those secret and criminal practices, which abused the name of religion for the dark purposes of vice and disorder. (Gibbon, chapter twenty-five.)

Such was the policy of Christian successors of Diocletian.—Yours, etc.,

Raheny

THOMAS J. JOHNSTON

## Functional Analysis

Sir,—I do not feel Mr. Jeremy Noble's description of functional analysis—'composed glosses'—to be 'derogatory'. I am simply objecting to mis-statements of fact. An F.A. is as little of a 'gloss' as a dream analysis: if it contains contributions from the analyst, it has gone wrong.

Again, 'the point of functional analysis' is to make us aware, not 'of motivic relationships', but, on the contrary, of the common background of contrasts which evince no motivic relationships.

In none of my nine analytic scores are there any 'blunt juxtapositions', and the more immediate juxtapositions are in fact the undidactic ones—not, as Mr. Noble thinks, the didactic ones.

In reply to Mr. Noble's questions, finally, the relative advantages of verbal methods and functional analysis depend on two variables: the mind of the analyst and the mind of the recipient. But wordless analysis can express (a) things which words can't, and (b) everything which words can—so far as the point of the communication is musical.

'Is sculpture to be analyzed sculpturally and painting pictorially?' Not being a sculptor or a painter, I do not know. One distinguished painter has said that the approach ought to be tried. In any case, however, conceptual thought is not so far removed from pictures as from tunes; in fact, it has developed from vision. Music is a world in itself.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

HANS KELLER

## 'Child's-eye View'

Sir,—I described Mr. Ritter's programme as 'lively' and 'interesting', and noticed it favourably. It is difficult to do as much for his letter.

It is quite possible that I misunderstood his intentions but he must forgive my remarking that this may not wholly be my fault, since his grasp of our language is somewhat uncertain ('our explicit conclusions, which occupied more than half the item of fifteen minutes, incidentally, was surely more interesting'). I believe that my reactions to his programme would have been shared by the average viewer.

It is charming that he should take my fantasy of trained dwarf nursemaids seriously.

Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hammer

HILARY CORKE

## The Independent Labour Party

Sir,—I am writing a history of the Independent Labour Party for the period 1918-32. In order to do this history properly it is necessary that I have access to I.L.P. documents relating to that period. The types of documents I am interested in are minutes of committees, letters, local newspapers, etc. I would also be interested in meeting people who played a significant role in the party during that period. If anybody feels they can help me in these respects will they please communicate with me.—Yours, etc.,

Department of Economics, R. E. DOWSE  
The University, Hull

## The British Society of Aesthetics

Sir,—We should be obliged if you would draw the attention of your readers to a proposal to form a British Society of Aesthetics. The purpose of the society is to promote study, research, discussion and publication in

aesthetics—the term 'aesthetics' in this connexion being understood to include all studies of the arts and related types of experience from a philosophic, scientific, or other theoretical standpoint including those of psychology, sociology, anthropology, cultural history, art criticism, and education. It is hoped that our first appearance as a national society will be at the International Congress of Aesthetics which takes place in Athens this September.

Those of your readers who are interested should write to the Hon. Secretary, Room 414, Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, W.C.1.—Yours, etc.,

HERBERT READ, E. F. CARRITT, L. A. REID,  
RUTH SAW, C. A. MACE, F. J. W. HARDING,  
H. OSBORN, J. P. HODIN, and SYLVIA  
SCHWEPPE

London, W.C.1.

## Herbert Spencer, 1820-1903

Sir,—I am writing a biography of the English philosopher Herbert Spencer, and I want to locate unpublished material, especially letters, by, to, or about him. I will be very grateful if any readers who have such material, or know where it is located, will write me.—Yours, etc.,

RICHARD L. SCHOENWALD

Department of Humanities,  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,  
Cambridge 39, Mass.

The third *Guinness Book of Verse* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.) has been selected by John Lehmann, John Press, and Ronagh MacDonagh. It includes the Cheltenham Festival Prize-winning Poems for 1959, the Guinness Award-winning Poems for 1958-59, and a selection of others published in periodicals during the year ending June 30, 1959. A number of the poems, including Dame Edith Sitwell's prize-winning 'La Bella Bona Roba' and William Plomer's 'A Young Jackdaw', which received an additional award, first appeared in *THE LISTENER*.

\* \* \*

The second volume of *The Complete Prose Works of John Milton* has now appeared under the editorship of Professor Ernest Sirluck (Oxford, for Yale, £5). It covers the period 1643-48—which includes the *Areopagitica*—and maintains the high standard of textual accuracy and detailed annotation set by the first volume. Six more volumes are planned.

\* \* \*

Roger Sherman Loomis, who is Professor Emeritus of Columbia University, is the editor of *Arthurian Literature in the Middle Ages: A Collaborative History* (Oxford University Press, £3 3s.). The forty-one studies contained in this important book include: 'The Breton Lais' by the late Ernest Hoepffner; 'Geoffrey of Monmouth' by the late J. J. Parry and Professor Robert A. Caldwell; 'Wolfram's *Parzival*' by Otto Springer; 'Sir Thomas Malory' and 'The Prose *Tristan*' by Professor Eugène Vinaver; 'Chrétien de Troyes' and 'The Vulgate Cycle' by Professor Jean Frappier of the Sorbonne; 'The Origin and Growth of the Tristan Legend' by Helaine Newstead; 'Miscellaneous French Romances in Verse' by Alexandre Micha; 'The English Rime and Prose Romances' by Robert W. Ackerman; and 'The Dutch Romances' by Hendricus Sparnaaz. The book also includes seven contributions by Professor Loomis himself, among the most stimulating of which are: 'The Oral Diffusion of the Arthurian Legend', 'The Origin of the Grail Legends', and 'Arthurian Influence on Sport and Spectacle'.

In the caption to the diagram published on page 614 last week the word Greenland should have been Iceland.



# Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

UNLIKE his brother, John Nash seems to have admitted the influence of modern painting, perhaps that of the cubists as felt from afar, once and once only. This influence showed itself, during and just after the first world war, in the studied design of his landscapes as well as in the stylization and simplification of trees and other features of the scene, and it still shows itself as a method and discipline in the paintings and water-colours he is now showing at the Leicester Galleries. At the present time this formalization of the landscape hardly seems more drastic than that of an early water-colourist like Francis Towne, whose present reputation may partly depend on an accidental resemblance between his work and that of some followers of Cézanne, and it has certainly not got in the way of Nash's close study of nature or his obvious appreciation of the countryside where Constable once painted.

At first sight Nash's various pictorial devices, such as the pattern that he imposes on almost every tree, might be taken for a mannerism or trick, and all the more so because they belong to a fashion which for the moment is somewhat awkwardly out of date. It is certainly easier to appreciate a fine and finished drawing like 'Old Roses', because here the artist is working in the excellent tradition of eighteenth-century botanical illustration and so allows himself no overt idiosyncrasies of style. But the only real objection to such neat simplifications as Nash uses is if they serve as a cover to superficial drawing or weak construction. The construction of Nash's landscapes is, in fact, extremely orderly and precise, and he knows how to impose a sharp clarity on the scene without any important sacrifice of its complexity and substance.

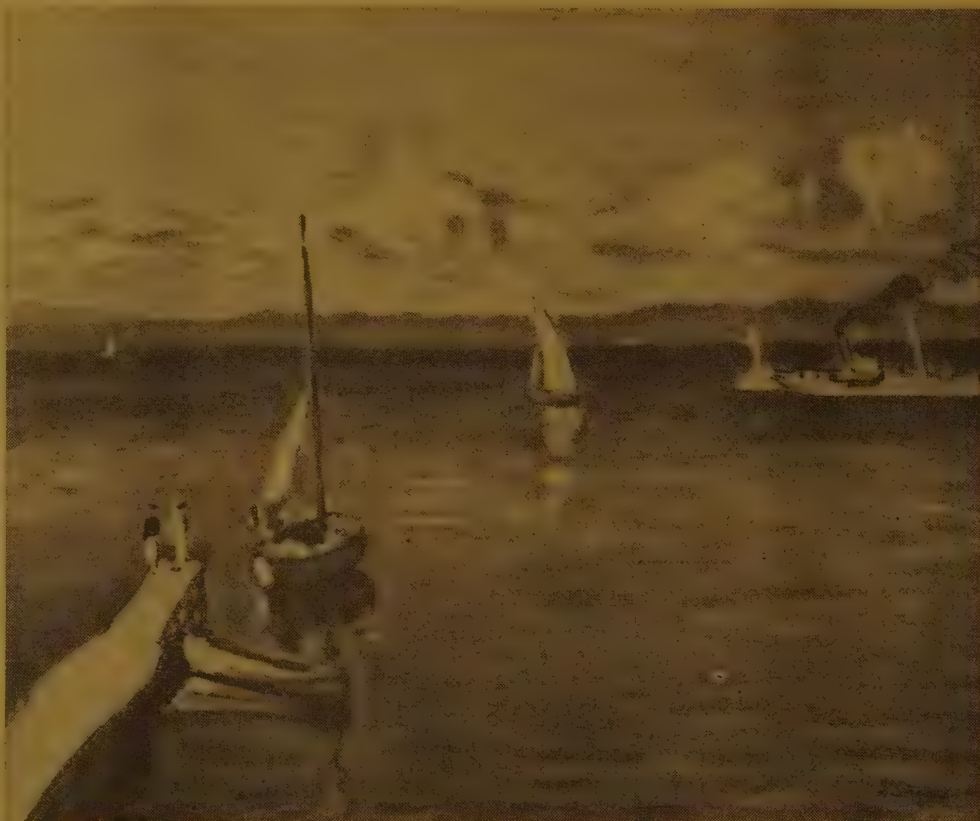
It must be allowed that his water-colours, at any rate in this exhibition, have much more vitality and freshness than the oils, and this is really what one would expect from the nature of his gifts. Nash has completely naturalized and brought within the old English water-colour tradition those discoveries and stylistic experiments of the school of Paris which in other hands produced vorticism, the decorative style of the Omega workshops, and so much else. It is

worth remembering that round about 1914 John Nash as well as his brother was labelled as a post-impressionist; out of the ferment of those days there emerged, and it was no small or ordinary achievement, an artist who knew how to cultivate a delicate talent as quietly and as

the sort of inspection that only a highly experienced artist can give. His comments should have been recorded, but even without them his collection (on show at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square until April 23) is extraordinarily stimulating to the critical faculty,

inquiring eye which seeks to understand the more recondite processes of artistic creation. Civilized, classical, Egyptian, Indian or Mexican, is here contrasted with the work of savage cultures in which the mode of stylization and its contribution to the intensity of expression is usually far more important than any perfection of technique; the result is that we are continuously presented with the knowledge of choice that the modern artist, inheriting yet distrustful of the achievements of civilization, so often has to make. Looking at the marvellous diversity of these idols one can easily understand how Epstein himself was torn between the sophisticated art of his portraits and the crude expressiveness of some of his more highly stylized carving.

The work of two Greek artists, all under not much over forty, being shown by the Redfern Gallery. Most



'La Méditerranée à Porquerolles', by A. Marquet: from the exhibition at Tooth's Gallery, 31 Bruton Street, W.1

persistently as if he had been working in the eighteenth century.

Paintings by Hammond Steel, who died just before his exhibition opened, are also to be seen here. These are the work of an artist who understood and enjoyed the medium of oils and exploited the delicate art of combining the brilliance of transparent colour with a rich and varied texture of paint. His favourite subjects seem to have been small and agreeable seaside places, but his art was really independent of subject, and exactly the same qualities, the same decorative charm and refinement of execution, appear both in the landscapes and in the abstractions he was painting just before his death. The Leicester Galleries also has a pleasant collection of lithographs by modern French and English artists.

Epstein, we are told, spent many of his evenings contemplating or discussing the sculptural problems of Negro, Mexican, Polynesian, and other such artists working in an exotic tradition; he would bring down some piece from the room in which he stored—rather than displayed—his extraordinary collection and subject it to

the works are abstract, or nearly so, and they show a thorough acquaintance with the general development of international art since the war. If one is to look for more individual qualities these may perhaps be found in the vaguely adumbrated figures, painted with vigorous strokes of a huge brush, of George Mavroidis, in the well-balanced abstract sculpture of Constantinoulis. The landscapes of Denis Wilder Miller at the Lefevre Gallery are painted in a most curious technique, with hundreds of sniggles of thick paint applied to an unprimed canvas. But the result is less bizarre than might be expected; there is often an interesting effect of space, and in his careful treatment of a rather featureless expanse of field or sea receding into the distance he appears to have made a profitable study of Seurat.

Tooth's Gallery has a good choice of modern impressionists, a charming pastel by Berthe Morisot, an interesting and ambitious figure painting by Jean Puy, a reasonably good Utrillo, two curious little pastels by Picasso and, best of all, one of the most brilliant and attractive of Marquet's landscapes.



# The Problem of Style

By SIR HERBERT READ

RUSKIN conceived the history of art as a gradual progress towards visual truth, but by this emphasis, as Professor Gombrich remarks in the introduction to his new and profoundly interesting book,\* he 'laid the explosive charge which was to blow the academic edifice sky high'. For the visual truth, once it had been accepted as the objective of art, proved to be a very elusive concept for the artist, who thus became involved in a philosophical problem that has never been solved, even with the aid of a modern science of perception. One might say that from the moment Ruskin set up 'truth to nature' as an imperative, art began to diverge more and more from the result that Ruskin and his contemporaries expected, until it arrived at its present stage of total abstraction from nature.

Professor Gombrich's purpose is to show that art never could and never can claim to reproduce 'the image on the retina'. The pattern of that physical stimulus, as recent psychological experiments have proved, allows an infinite number of interpretations; and what we call a 'style' in art, whether of the individual artist or of a period, is just one interpretation (or perhaps a family of interpretations) selected from endless possibilities. What remains to be explained, and what Professor Gombrich succeeds brilliantly in explaining, is why at some particular period one kind of interpretation (constituting a style) is favoured rather than another.

His explanation is not original, but it has never been made with such clarity and wealth of pertinent illustration. Briefly, it is what might be called the Kantian solution, for Kant argued that 'reason only perceives that which it produces after its own design'. Professor Gombrich suggests that the eye of the artist only perceives that of which it has already formed a design, or, as he calls it, a schema. The artist approaches Nature with 'principles of perception' (to paraphrase Kant) 'according to unvarying laws'. In other words, the artist approaches Nature with a question (what do I see?), and the answer he expects must conform to what he considers reasonable or coherent—what satisfies his visual judgment. As Professor Gombrich says in one of the many brilliant aphorisms with which his text is scattered, the artist tends to see that he paints rather than to paint what he sees.

It is a process of making and matching. What exists—reality, as we call it—is a mystery that neither philosophy nor art can fully explain. We probe the mystery with various instruments—microscopes and telescopes—but also with our capacity for making approximate charts. The more daring, the more convincing these charts are, the more they express our wonder, excite our admiration. But what distinguishes a work of art from a map of the heavens?

I am not sure that Professor Gombrich gives a satisfactory answer to this question. It cannot be form, for the constellations have form. It must therefore be a question of feeling, which a map cannot express. If we want to express our feelings about the heavens, we use the emotive words in which Kant and Pascal expressed their wonder at the infinite space above them. Such words represent an individual and subjective moment of vision, expressed in individual and subjective signs (tones, colours, outlines, gestures). Whether words or patterns of colour, the artist's chart gives, as Constable said so beautifully in a sentence quoted by Professor Gombrich, 'to one brief moment caught from fleeting time a lasting and sober existence'.

But the problem, so far as the philosopher of art is concerned, begins there, for what are the qualities that give a moment of vision its lasting and sober existence? We call them 'style'. 'Human consciousness', said Henri Focillon in a classic work (*The Life of Forms in Art*, surprisingly ignored by Professor Gombrich) 'is in perpetual pursuit of a language and a style. To assume human consciousness is at once to assume form. Even at levels far below the zone of definition and clarity, forms, measures, and relationships exist. The chief characteristic of the mind is to be constantly describing itself. The mind is a design that is in a state of ceaseless flux, of ceaseless weaving and then unweaving, and its activity, in this sense, is an artistic activity. Like the artist, the mind works upon Nature. This it does with the premises that are so carelessly and so copiously offered it by physical life, and upon these premises the mind never ceases to labour. It seeks to make them its very own, to give them mind, to give them form'. Our basic psychological activity is one of integration, of seeking an equilibrium between the mind or psyche and the external world. Constable's lasting and sober existence is this equilibrium, this harmonious moment of integration.

Professor Gombrich is mainly concerned with what one might call the syntax of this language of forms. Why do forms cohere from time to time to constitute a style? What is the relation of the forms of art to the forms of nature—or, as he would rather put it, why does the image received by the eye of the artist inevitably gravitate towards a schema that is independent of perception? Although he dedicates his book to a friend (Ernst Kris) who was driven from the study of the history of art to psycho-analysis in a desire to solve such problems, he eschews any reliance on unconscious factors. He suggests rather that the mind is like an intricate filing system of forms, and when we attend to some visual experience with the purpose of recording it, we select forms from this filing system and attempt to match them to the unique visual experience. There is no such thing as the innocent eye. The eye is thoroughly corrupted by our

knowledge of traditional modes of representation, and all the artist can do is to struggle against the schema and bring it a little nearer to the eye's experience.

I have no objection to this theory—it is obviously true of most of the art with which we are familiar. I find it a little difficult, however, to imagine how art ever began in man's development; or even how it begins in the development of the child. In the case of the child, he begins to scribble and presently matches his scribbles to a memory-image (not to a perception); the form comes before the idea. I have argued in a recent book that the same happened in the palaeolithic period: man scribbled on the clayey surface of his cave, or saw suggestive shapes in rocks and stones, and with these he associated his memory-image.

Again, the form came before the idea. Man or child was not *anticipating* an answer; he had not formulated a question or a hypothesis. His consciousness was incorrupt, his eye innocent. But he was (and is) surrounded by the unknown, and is continually *inventing or discovering* a language to describe it. I emphasize these words because Professor Gombrich is a traditionalist and I suspect he would rather emphasize his own word 'matching'. It is true that the child and the primitive man 'matches' his scribble with a visual image; but such matching is arbitrary and variable. The scribble, the form, has its own absolute reality, its own individual significance. 'Everything is form, and life itself is form', said Balzac (quoted by Focillon). The point I am making is that form does not necessarily need to be 'matched'. Form and its elaboration is a self-subsisting pleasure of the mind—according to Valéry (another French philosopher of art ignored by Professor Gombrich) 'a pleasure which sometimes goes so deep as to make us suppose we have a direct understanding of the object that causes it; a pleasure which arouses the intelligence, defies it, and makes it love its defeat; still more, a pleasure that can stimulate the strange need to produce or reproduce the thing, event, object, or state to which it seems attached, and which then becomes a source of activity *without any definite end*, capable of imposing a discipline, a zeal, a torment on a whole lifetime, and of filling it, sometimes to overflowing'.

I do not suppose that Professor Gombrich would contest this observation; but I can imagine that some concession in his theory to the independent life of forms would have made him more sympathetic than he appears to be to the 'manual sorcery' (Focillon's phrase) of certain contemporary modes of non-figurative art.

A broadcast talk entitled 'The Fear of Realism' by Anton Ehrenzweig which also discusses Professor Gombrich's book will be published shortly.

\* *Art and Illusion: a Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation*. By E. H. Gombrich. Phaidon Press. £3 10s.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Lord Derby.** By Randolph S. Churchill.  
Heinemann. £2 10s.

Reviewed by A. P. RYAN

LORD DERBY told Lady Lytton, in the 'nineties, that he had failed to keep a favourite racehorse alive, although he had given it a daily diet of a bottle of port, a bottle of brandy and three dozen eggs. He told a colleague of mine in the reporters' room of the *Guardian* in the 'twenties that his horse was going to win the Derby. This tip was given by way of an apology for having changed his mind about making some political statement which he had promised our editor, C. P. Scott, for publication.

'Not your fault, my boy', he had said to the reporter, 'that you've had a wasted journey; here's a letter for Mr. Scott explaining, so you won't get into trouble'. Then he had volunteered that stable information which, although it came months before the race, was unhesitatingly taken in the news room. We clubbed together—none of us knowing a thing about racing—and put on a communal bet. When June came round, Lord Derby's horse—by that time favourite—won, and an air of conviviality, which would have surprised the anti-gambling readers of a great newspaper that was too austere to give betting odds, pervaded the news room that evening.

I recall the incident to show what a hold Lord Derby had in Lancashire at the height of his long territorial reign. It would never have occurred to anyone, even among the sternest, most unbending Radicals, to question his judgment in sporting matters or in anything else that concerned straightforward human relations. He was the nearest approach to an uncrowned King that we have had in recent English history. It fascinated me, as a south countryman, to see how in that highly industrialized, sturdily democratic county, a feudal aristocrat with a resounding pedigree should be the universally beloved father figure of all classes.

It is the merit of Mr. Churchill's long—too long—biography that it brings out the full flavour of the man, painting him against the family background of the Stanleys and conveying, with feeling and sincerity, how, throughout life, he drew strength from those roots at Knowsley, the stately, if unsightly, home of his ancestors.

Luckily, he was a prolific correspondent—Mr. Churchill reckons that he must have written some three quarters of a million letters. From this rich quarry enough good stuff has been mined to hold the interest of general readers who enjoy a period biography and to give students of politics in the first quarter of this century some new information.

Derby, like so many aristocrats, did not allow the old school tie to inhibit his ambition for office or his relish for the manoeuvres which are indispensable to gaining and holding it. The highest compliment paid to him as a politician was the cry of rage from Lloyd George when that past master of intrigue and double-crossing

discovered that Derby had not been the simple soul he had taken him for.

Never quite in the top flight of ministers, Derby was always in the thick of things, having the friendship and confidence of Edward VII and George V and of leaders on both sides. As ambassador in Paris, he was an outstanding success; the French took him to their hearts as a perfectly caste 'milord', not least because he spoke so little of their language. This was the high spot of his public career—far happier than the periods at the war office.

Handling such a mass of material (Derby lived from 1865 to 1948) must have been hard work and Mr. Churchill deserves to be thanked for having tackled it unflinchingly. But he might have spared himself and his readers some of the running commentaries which, though characteristically racy, seem out of place in this serious study. At the end of it a more complex individuality emerges than was suspected by the average man to lie behind that genial, burly patrician figure. There is some point in Elizabeth Bibesco's (Asquith's daughter) feline crack—'Lord Derby is sufficiently clever to pretend to be stupid, in order that people may think him honest'.

**Journal of a Man of Letters, 1898-1907**  
By Paul Léautaud. Translated by  
Geoffrey Sainsbury.  
Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Léautaud was an *esprit libre*—a phenomenon rare enough to treasure at any time and all the more now when it seems improbable that such figures will recur. The public role of the *esprit libre* is to disinfect those regions where societies pack away their fears behind the curtains of language. The consequences of this activity are the conditions of its exercise: solitude and poverty, and Léautaud lived these consequences to the end, obstinately. The only consolation is self-respect—'one of the hardest things in the world to keep', he wrote, for societies only feel safe when they have branded Diogenes, Chamfort or Léautaud as cynics, egoists and enemies of human nature.

'Paul Léautaud, *écrivain français*' is the epitaph he asked for himself. The civilization of France is in its prose tradition—a prose which by constant ascesis (scrutiny of the adjective, distrust of the metaphor) becomes a dissolvent of self-deception and an instrument for the *esprit libre*. Léautaud was of this tradition and sometimes demonstrated its faults: the aridity of *le goût de Voltaire*. But the hard grandeur of the early masters had been loosened for him by Stendhal, and once he had listened to the improvisations of Brulard and the *Souvenirs d'Egotisme* he knew what he wanted to do; the passion to write had found a style for the passion of truth. 'One major difference between me and all the others. I am concerned to record my emotions and sensations with complete accuracy, whether they be shocking or not, in good taste or bad, while the others have their eyes focused chiefly on the *literary execution*'. Each day's entry in the *Journal* was written in a

single *trait*—without erasure or correction. . . . it's only what comes with pleasure that is worth anything'.

He had the luck to find regular employment (for a pittance) with the *Mercure de France* in the great days of its independence under Valéry. 'To be *en marge*—I like that. And what better position could you have for observing . . .'. Léautaud missed nothing of the vanity, spleen, envy, spite and illimitable absurdity of men's letters. His literary judgment, based on an undeviating morale of pleasure, was infallible. The frigid gaze (which was nothing more than the protective *pudeur* of his tender heart) warmed to the authentic in Gourmont, Schwob or Valéry. The *Journal* (1893-1956), nothing else, is a primary source-book for one of the most fascinating periods in literary history.

But it is much more—a *journal intime* unique in any other. Léautaud did not use a journal. Gide did, to discover and present himself, or Charles du Bos did, for literary exploration; neither has nothing of Amiel's self-indulgent subjectivism. It is the portrait of a man who admitted writing about himself in the world in which he lived, and if he seems peculiar and disagreeable it is because he wrote without *chiaroscuro* without *angst*. He saw no reason to hide anything—neither his erotic performances (which reach their shameless crescendo in the later volumes) nor his abject sentimentalism. He was as he was ('the unique domain which is one's image'), and because he refused to be anything else in each moment of his eighty-four years he was an *esprit libre*.

Mr. Sainsbury has reduced the text by half, with the result that Léautaud's first volume and part of the second becomes the first instalment of the *Journal* in its English version. These omissions—the original has its *longueurs*—have been made with skill. Of the translation Mr. Sainsbury says: 'I have tried to catch his meaning on the wing . . . and get it instantly into English phraseology'. Léautaud, with his distaste for literary *recherche*, would have approved. Alan Pryce-Jones's preface—a small portrait of Léautaud—is as charming as it is just.

H. G. WHITEMAN

**Sean O'Casey.** By David Krause.  
MacGibbon and Kee. 30s.

When Sean O'Casey called himself a green corn he can't have forgotten that Greene called Shakespeare an upstart crow. It is perhaps less credible that the middle-class Warwickshire boy should have risen to be the poet of the King Men than that the boy from the Dublin slums should have carried off a Hawthornden Prize with his first full-length play. O'Casey not only emerged from the slums, he emerged speaking Shakespeare; 'By repeating his lines aloud after his brother, the ten-year-old Johnny, who was not yet able to read because of his weak eyes, I learned the part of the ill-fated King'—Shakespeare's Henry VI. Poverty and poetry were his from the start.

He went on to work as 'stock-boy, sweep, handyman, hod-carrier, docker, pick and shod-



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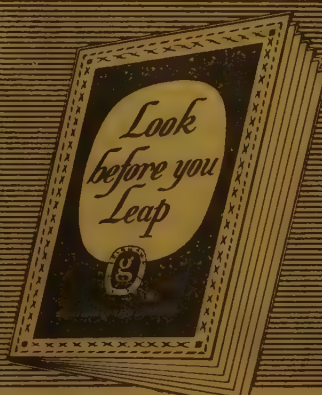
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navvy on the roads and railroads', and to write plays whose eloquence is unequalled in modern drama. Perhaps that could have happened only in Ireland, where the spoken English is still, in many ways, Elizabethan English. For what disappoints in some later O'Casey plays his self-exile from Ireland is generally and conveniently blamed. But living abroad did not do Joyce and Beckett much artistic harm. O'Casey's dilemma, perhaps, has been more that of a visionary in a world that finds visionaries embarrassing, and is the worse for it.

It can have been no easy matter to write a good book about O'Casey, with his recent eightieth birthday on the horizon. He had told the story of his life himself in six quarrelsome and inimitable volumes. The plays, on the other hand, had been mostly too neglected in the theatre to make final critical judgment on them fair. (The mixture of ballad, farce, tragedy, and poetry with social purpose, in the later ones, is just the thing for Miss Littlewood, and a great deal better than Mr. Behan's excursions in the same field). Still, Dr. Krause's watchword is 'evaluation' and a very sound and thorough job he has made of it—the slum background, the ragi-comic form, the experimental techniques, the prophetic and visionary elements, the incomparable language—everything, in fact, except the Communism, about which he contrives to say as little as possible. Could that be because this American scholar was wondering what they would think back home?

ROY WALKER

## Blues Fell This Morning

By Paul Oliver. Cassell. 30s.

Between the years 1619, when Black Anthony Johnson, the first of the 'twenty and odd Negroes' set foot on American soil from a Dutch ship at Jamestown, and February 14, 1920, when one of the innumerable jazz-mama Smiths, Mamie, made the first recorded rendition of 'That Thing Called Love', the blues had three centuries in which to evolve. Historically speaking, they may be said to have begun decaying and to disappear at the moment of victory over transience. It is characteristic of this formidably elusive music that this should be so. Today, there may be more 'authentic' (static, imitative) blues sung in England than in America. Fitting that an Englishman, not an American, should write the first loving, scholarly compendium of the 'devil's songs'.

Definition itself is faintly quixotic. The blues is neither style nor 'period' but infiltrates and informs the very being of jazz itself. It is the way a jazz musician feels when he plays or sings. As folk song, deriving from call-and-response field hollers, it is simultaneously outside and parallel to the mainstream of jazz. Blues may be the general idiom of Negro folk song or a specific type of secular song. We know it best in a twelve-bar form of two repeated lines and a 'kicker' line for the third. It is basically vocal, Negro and unromantic. Above all, blues is the most popular expression of those who have hit rock bottom and have a positive need not to lie about it.

Deliberate depersonalization of blues is the distinctive feature of Mr. Oliver's study. Quite simply, he has sought to tell the story of the American Negro in terms of the lyrics of 50 recorded blues songs. As compilation, his book is devoted and uniquely industrious; as

history and psychology fatally one-legged.

Blues song without singer is moon without sun.

Until reading Mr. Oliver's book I never realized how simple-minded, crude, and repetitive blues without music could appear. A few blues can be read for sheer beauty of metaphor:

Mama, I love to look in your face, I like the way you spread your wings,

Mama, I love to look in your face, I like the way you spread your wings,

I'm crazy 'bout your way of lovin', mama, I love to hear you call my name.

But what is one to do with the routine sentiments of

Blues, Blues, give me your sympathy,

Blues, Blues, give me your sympathy,

Go and find my woman and bring her back to me.

unless we not only know, but can hear in our mind, that it is Bessie Smith singing, with Clarence Williams on piano? Most noted blues that I know are virtually incomprehensible without knowing who is doing the singing.

It is bad to interpret the American Negro solely in terms of his music, and dangerous to render an interpretation, or even a chronology, solely by way of blues lyrics unconnected (except in a discography) with music.

Having chosen to isolate the blues in this way, Mr. Oliver is trapped into perhaps not surprising misinterpretations of the Negro's history (his observations on Reconstruction politics, in an otherwise liberal and flat-footed narrative, would not displease some of the Southern filibusterers). He also gives too much emphasis to the Negro as pliant, passive, and despairing. True, many blues lyrics give this impression—but not when you hear them.

It may well be that the author set himself an impossible task. How does one reproduce in print the nuances of blues? There will always be something 'square' about describing someone else's felt misery—witness the wet, unreadable romanticism of most jazz novels. This sentimentality Mr. Oliver has steadfastly spared us. If, in the doing, we have also been denied some of the crucial ironies of this incomparable musical form, perhaps it is the best bargain that we can fairly expect of an Englishman who has never been to America. 'For those who have the blues, for those who live the blues, for those who live with the blues', writes Mr. Oliver, 'the blues has meaning. But for those who live outside the blues the meaning of the blues is elusive'. Yes.

CLANCY SIGAL

## The Necessary Angel

By Wallace Stevens. Faber. 21s.

## Opus Posthumous

By Wallace Stevens. Edited by Samuel

French Morse. Faber. 36s.

These two books, so far as this country is concerned, may perhaps be regarded as books for which we are not yet ready, but which will probably have immense value and charm for us when we are. I would be the last to underestimate their value and charm even now: but over here we are in a peculiar position as regards Stevens. Most of us don't, quite simply, know him well enough. It is not our fault entirely; but it is possible to feel, with some resentment, that when Stevens was finally published in England a few years ago, it was because the event could no longer be decently delayed. For well over thirty years Stevens has been an

accepted part of the American scene; even for younger readers there, the mere previous presence of his work in the world will have quickened appreciation and enjoyment. They will know what comes where and when in his work; and this is important for intelligent love of any poet.

Here, alas, there is the dangerous possibility that the 150 pages of verse in *Opus Posthumous* may be used as an introduction, though the real interest of these poems for the habituated reader lies in the fact that Stevens himself rejected them from his *Collected Poems*. They are indeed for the most part specialists' material. It is usually possible to see why Stevens pushed them aside. This is so even in the case of *Owl's Clover*, one of Stevens's longest poems, constantly referred to by American critics. The editor of *Opus Posthumous*, who contributes a valuable introduction, has seen fit to publish a version of this poem that restores 200 or more lines deleted by Stevens in previously published versions (here inaccessible). This is no way to edit anything; or if it is, Stevens's cuts should surely have been indicated by brackets. Much of the poem is powerfully moving in a way rather unusual in Stevens: in it he is often more like 'other' poets. He himself considered the poem 'rhetorical', and out it went. But it brings us strangely near to him personally—rather as *Stephen Hero* does to Joyce, or *Jean Santeuil* does to Proust.

Most of the other things in *Opus Posthumous*, and the whole of *The Necessary Angel* (assembled by Stevens himself, and published in America in 1951) consist of public statements about poetry and poets. Many of the pieces are lectures, and perhaps suffer a little because of this: a lecture has to be fitted unnaturally to a certain length of time. Stevens writes with alluring grace even when he is appallingly difficult to follow. One is glad to sense a certain reluctance about the performance. Exhibitionism—that most damaging diversion for the creative man—is nowadays much encouraged in poets, both here and in America. Stevens resists this with fair nobility: but certainly the momentous statements we expect on such occasions are there; many of them have passed already into the reserve battery of useful quotes:

What is his [the poet's] function? Certainly it is not to lead people out of the confusion in which they find themselves. Nor is it, I think, to comfort them while they follow their leaders to and fro. I think that his function is to make his imagination theirs and that he fulfils himself only as he sees his imagination become the light in the mind of others. His role, in short, is to help people to live their lives. Time and again it has been said that he may not address himself to an élite. I think he may. There is not a poet whom we prize living today that does not address himself to an élite. The poet will continue to do this: to address himself to an élite even in a classless society, unless, perhaps, this exposes him to prison or exile.

This is the poet who has often been called a dandy and a hedonist: the terms have not always been consciously dismissive: but they do in fact belittle him, even if indulgently. For the idiosyncrasies of Stevens's thought and expression are not merely endearing perversities: a man who pleads his agnosticism so earnestly must be taken seriously even if he does so with elegance, humour and calm.

This is a theme of his prose as of his verse.



Indeed it may be his passionate delight in what we can do with our own imagination, and in the sense of a happy power over our own lives and the things we are called on to contemplate ('reality'): all this may still disconcert us. We are so doggedly used to the idea that poetry springs from repeated bouts of torment, religious or erotic, or is a repeated conquest of despair, or a repeated act of autotherapy, that it is still strange to find a poet who eschews conflict and seems to believe that the autotherapy must be done before the pen is set to paper. Stevens extends the possible consciousness of future poets by an unexpected valuation of psychic health. It is poignant to think that but for the insularity of English culture we might have been enjoying Stevens's work in the years when he was still alive to be thanked for it.

HENRY REED

### The Fabulous Showman

Irving Wallace. Hutchinson. 21s.

On March 24, 1891, an octogenarian lay on his death-bed gaily reading the New York *Evening Sun*. 'GREAT AND ONLY BARNUM', it said. 'He Wanted To Read His Obituary; Here It Is'. And there indeed it was: four biographical columns complete with woodcuts of Barnum and Jenny Lind. It was a death-bed as characteristic as that of Tennyson, who died with his hand across a folio Shakespeare. Phineas T. Barnum was an incorrigible showman; and even his worst enemies had to pay him a compliment: 'Compared to Barnum, Cagliostro himself was a blundering novice. . . . More than any other impostor Barnum has humbugged the world'.

From the day in 1835 when he had exhibited George Washington's nurse (aged 164) at Niblo's Gardens, New York, Barnum had scored a series of headline triumphs. The Mermaid from Feejee (we are told that she resembled 'a large fish of the salmon species'); the twenty-five-inch man, Tom Thumb; the Swedish Nightingale: Barnum launched them all with astonishing flair. 'When an advertisement first appears', he used to say, 'a man does not see it; the second time he notices it; the fifth he speaks to his wife about it; and the sixth or seventh he is ready to purchase'. He was a master of advertisement, and no means of publicity was foreign to him. He would exploit religious feeling, middle-class morality, royalty itself: when Tom Thumb appeared before Queen Victoria, Barnum advertised him in the *Court Circular*. Show business is a magnificent gamble, and he would gamble his savings, his property, his future; it is typical of his life that when he himself had been swindled he started his famous circus and made more than £1,000,000.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

### The Cantatas of Johann Sebastian Bach

By W. Gillies Whittaker.

Oxford. 2 vols. £8 8s.

Into the writing of this book there went over forty years of practical experience gained by rehearsing and performing in public all of Bach's church cantatas, and of constant meditation on them. W. G. Whittaker was not the man to accept the expression marks and other directions given in the vocal scores, or the bowing and tonguing in the printed orchestral parts: he began his preparatory study for public performance with 'the almost naked Bach Gesellschaft

volumes', constructing all schemes and details of expression afresh and marking practically every band part with his own hand, a devoted labour that conductors who are also real musicians will best be able to appreciate. Whittaker died, in 1944, before completing the final revision of his typescript, bequeathing the task of seeing the book through the press to his friend, and constant collaborator as *continuo* player, Harold Thomson, the B.B.C.'s Head of



Girl of the Galla Gille tribe

From 'Ethiopia', by Jean Dorese

Music, Scottish Region; a task that took up ten years of his spare time.

Whittaker chose to treat the cantatas in chronological sequence, following the dates ascribed to them by Schweitzer and Sanford Terry, but Alfred Dürr's essay *Zur Chronologie der Leipziger Vokalwerke*, published in the Bach-Yearbook, 1957, has shown many of these to be wrong. This, however, is a matter that will disturb musicologists more than 'the lone student' whom Whittaker had in mind.

One of its most valuable features is the provision of literal rather than literary translation of the German texts, so that every German word in the arias and concerted pieces is given its English equivalent. This makes it possible 'to see how Bach deals with individual words and how the music springs unerringly from the text'. Whittaker realized that the result would be 'thoroughly bad English': but there can be no doubt that his method is the right one, as a single example from the tenor aria in Cantata 165, *O heil'ges Geist und Wasserbad*, will show when compared with Terry's verse paraphrase. 'Let in my life and in my last need before my eyes hover, that Thou my salvation-snakelet (*Heilschlänglein*) art against the poison of sin'. Terry renders this:

While there's life within me,  
And in my extremest breath,  
Let mine eyes behold Thee,  
Symbol of love's conquering might,  
Sin's Almighty Victor!

Whittaker's commentary on this text will suffice to expose a major but not fatal weakness in his book, his preoccupation with pictorial symbolism. Thus he interprets the whole of the *obbligato* for violins in the aria as 'constructed out of the image of the bending, writhing, twisting reptile, usually a symbol of horror, but in Bach's musical speech (here) a thing of pellucid

beauty'. It may and could be so, but one is not convinced that it is so. At the same time, Bach's addiction to pictorial illustration in his music is proved by innumerable instances and the reader with common sense will be able to use his judgment in accepting or rejecting Whittaker's interpretations. He himself admits 'how easy it is to read one's own interpretation into music, an interpretation which is purely personal and which may seem quite false to someone else'. His analyses of the cantatas are illustrated with 2,450 musical examples, and send the reader, time and again, to the vocal scores to marvel at the imaginative and spiritual insight with which Bach treated even the most prosaic of his libretti, at the wealth of lovely melody and striking harmony, at the astounding contrapuntal skill there displayed, and to regret that these riches are, apart from a handful of the cantatas, so little known and appreciated. Many valuable hints about the performance of these works, tempi, phrasing, ornamentation, and so forth, are scattered through the book and, as they are not unfortunately included in the otherwise excellent index, will reveal themselves only to those who do not merely dip into the book but read it through.

Whatever its faults, this is a great book: as it will show the Christian music lover, above all that Bach's cantatas can prove more inspiring and illuminating than all the Biblical commentaries ever written.

In the course of a sermon at Göttingen, delivered during the Bach bicentenary year, Bishop of Hanover spoke of Bach as 'created from a single centre of faith in Christ': as his portrait of Christ, as he paints it in his cantatas, is uniquely beautiful. Zelter, Mendelssohn's teacher, writing to Goethe, said: '*Bach ist eine Erscheinung Gottes: klar doch unfaßbar*' ('Bach is an appearance of God: clear but inexplicable'), and those who work through the cantatas with this book will come to realize if they have not already done so, the profound truth of those words.

ALEC ROBERTSON

### The Ethiopians: an Introduction to the Country and People. By Edward Ullendorff. Oxford. 30s.

Ethiopia. By Jean Dorese. Translated from the French by Elsa Coult. Elek. 35s.

In his opening sentence Professor Ullendorff writes: 'The object of this little book is to present a balanced picture of Ethiopia to the general reader'. 'Balance' hardly seems an appropriate word for a picture in which two pages are devoted to 'languages' and one paragraph each to 'national character', the legal status of women, and 'the main political units of Abyssinian peasant society', and in which equal space is given to national economy (four paragraphs!) and a survey of bibliographical materials on music, or to personal names, army, and clothing. And does Professor Ullendorff really expect his 'non-specialist' to be acquainted with the Chalcedonian Definition, 'the Hebrew season of the *yamim nora'im*', the Malikiyya and Shafi'iyya rites of Islam, with such terms as *chrestomathy*, *deictic*, *gentilial*, and *Vortagen*? If so, he sets a higher standard in general knowledge than he himself always achieves when, for example,



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he ventures into the field of anthropology.

This is a pity, for when writing about such topics as history, religion, or daily life and customs, he does often succeed in arousing interest about 'Africa's oldest Christian Kingdom'. But when dealing with his own specialisms of language and literature he seems to be catering primarily for the professional scholar; and long before reaching the end at least one

general reader, driven occasionally to consult dictionary, encyclopaedia, and a more comprehensive map than that given in the book, had come to share 'the great Nöldeke's doubts', mentioned by Professor Ullendorff in a different context, 'whether the aesthetic pleasure which this study affords is worth the pains one has to take in order to arrive at an understanding'.

M. Doresse deals mainly with the history and

archaeological remains of Ethiopia. His scholarship is less obtrusive than Professor Ullendorff's and he is much easier to read, but the attractive feature of his book is the large number of excellent photographs illustrating scenery, architecture, pictorial art, and religious monuments. These stimulate one's curiosity about the country and its people—a curiosity, however, that the text does not adequately satisfy.

I. SCHAPIRO

## New Novels

*Clea*. By Lawrence Durrell. Faber. 16s.

*The Affair*. By C. P. Snow. Macmillan. 18s.

*Bend Sinister*. By Vladimir Nabokov. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.

AND SO, belatedly, *Clea*. Reading C. P. Snow and Lawrence Durrell in the same week certainly gives one a broad look at English fiction, its penny plain and its tuppence coloured. And how wonderfully readable they both are! In face of Durrell's intricate and many-sided construction, and its immensely talented author, what is the word I grope for? I think it must be *blarney*. Durrell is a superb entertainer and charmer. His brilliance seems to me conversational brilliance, his genius one for extended improvisation. And where else has one met the same mixture of high art pretensions and dazzling, inventive, innocent fun? In the most famous of all Irish talkers, Oscar Wilde.

Alexandria for Durrell is a symbol for extreme juxtapositions, for the place where any combination can occur; for his own style, indeed, whose essence is surprise and irrelevancy. "Truth", said Balthazar to me once, blowing his nose in an old tennis sock. "Truth is what most contradicts itself in time." Everything in his book, for good or evil, strikes one as being 'made up' (in both senses). Critics have praised his descriptions, and rightly: they are marvellously alive and resourceful, his similes as exact as they are unlikely, his fauve palette exploited with extraordinary science. But even as a description (and this is not in the least a criticism) his Alexandria is not exactly true, but rather the fulfilment of desire, a pursuit of the pleasure-principle. And why the novels as a whole are so remote from the serious classics of our literature is that the author isn't in the least interested in truth. All the life in the novels is in the parts on which truth has no bearing, the improvised anecdotal inventions. Nessim the Coptic banker's mother has lost her beauty through smallpox and now lives on romantic memories, suffering delusions indeed from time to time, when she retires to a summer house in the garden, where . . . a moment's pause for invention . . . where she is kept company by a pet cobra! Durrell's comic characters, like Scobie the transvestist police official or the old-style ambassador in Moscow — 'I'm a frogging or two loose I think. Thank God this isn't a monarchy . . . '—are in a familiar and simple English comic vein but deliciously funny because the free association of their thought-processes is an excuse for the sort of turn Durrell excels in.

The philosophizing about love and the epigrammatizing about art and life seem equally made up for the occasion and to less effect. I can't believe for a minute in the preposterous

explanations his characters invent for their love for one another. On the subject of love Durrell is a latter-day romantic; love exists for his characters so that they can make telling gestures and talk in paradoxes or in the artificial eloquence of a Gothic novel (I kept thinking of the Baroness Blixen). The fascination with 'relativity', with the double or triple view of the same relationships, is simply the old nineties' artist's concern with the Mask and the Face; and appropriately, intrigues and obliquities reach their height in the Alexandrian carnival, when the characters all go masked. 'Life', the other of Pursewarden's two favourite themes for epigram, life as the antithesis of bourgeois, puritanical old England, means for Durrell not intenser natural living but brighter and more fervid romance, a permanent carnival misrule. These are 'abroad' thoughts from abroad, and their author, like Browning, a boisterous and unprofound mind loving to astonish itself with the notion of complexity. His affections, I think, remain completely British, a fact symbolised for me by the final canonisation of Scobie and the consecration of his bath-tub.

Truth gets very different treatment from C. P. Snow. I read *The Affair* between chapters of Durrell, and very striking the contrast was, the one opening his mind to you with such abandon, the other so cautious and literal. Snow's new novel is about a Dreyfus affair in a Cambridge college (the same college that we met in *The Masters*). A young research scientist has been ejected from his fellowship for having offered faked evidence in his thesis. He is an unlikely, paranoid character whom everyone is glad to see the back of, but facts come to light suggesting that the fraud may really have been the work of his greatly respected late professor, and the reopening of the case precipitates every kind of college passion and conflict, political prejudice, personal resentment, manoeuvre for office and the rest. Snow does it awfully well, as always. It is another theorem about the workings of power, followed out with scrupulous fidelity and concentration; a vivid and convincing picture of a political situation as something constantly changing and developing, like a serious illness, in which the moment to intervene and the moment to let be have to be calculated to a hairsbreadth.

If Snow's interest is almost wholly in the workings of ambition, his foible is judgment of character. The phrases 'I knew', 'I suddenly realized', 'I was positive' are perpetually on

the lips of his 'I' character, Lewis Eliot, and scrutinizes his companions. There is something obtrusive in this harping on Eliot's judgments and insights. They seem sometimes to become the whole purpose of the novel, so sound as they are, they are not exciting enough to become that. One other small point strikes me about Snow is the completely functional nature of his descriptions of scenes. As soon as Eliot describes the sunlight on the combination-room table before the important meeting, or notes the weather outside the window on the afternoon the news comes through, we see that Snow is for the moment taking his form at second hand. It doesn't really seem to make the slightest difference what the sunlight is doing or how much it is drizzling in the park, except, indeed, that it gives incidents an illusory air of historicity, a detail unworthy of the serious historian of our time that he can claim to be.

Nabokov's anti-totalitarian fantasy *Bend Sinister* was first published in 1947 (two years before 1984). An east European state has been taken over by the Party of the Average Man and liberals are being arrested daily. The University prepares a declaration of support for the new régime but Krug, the famous philosopher, refuses to carry it to the dictator (his old schoolfellow) till, after grotesque adventures with the secret police, his passionately loved young son is abducted. Consenting to every submission, he is given his son back except that it is the wrong child; his own son has been used by mistake as a licensed victim of the home for psychopaths. Face to face at last with the dead body of his own son, he goes mad. The simple plot of this horror-story is elaborated with the nervous and extravagant clowning which sometimes got out of hand in *Lolita* and here does so much more. Therefore, of course, it had a perfect *raison d'être*, it is essential that the hero should convey his sense of his own absurdity. Here too it has point, it gets much more in the reader's way, and the whole tone and intention of the book seem to some extent miscalculated. Nabokov has tried to exploit a kind of refugee humour, a revolt to hysterical and self-lacerating comedy as the last revenge of political impotence; but the result is artistically perverse and unbalanced in a way that *Lolita* was not.

P. N. FURBER

Mr. John Raymond takes over from Mr. Furber on April 28.





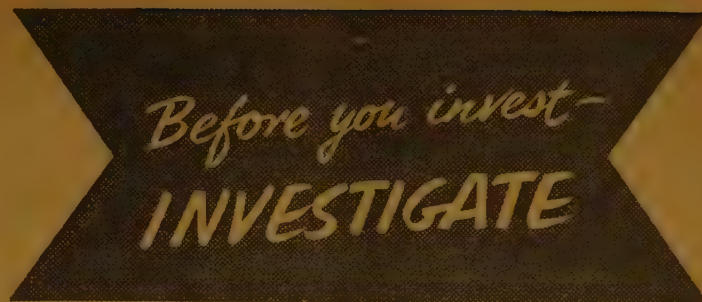
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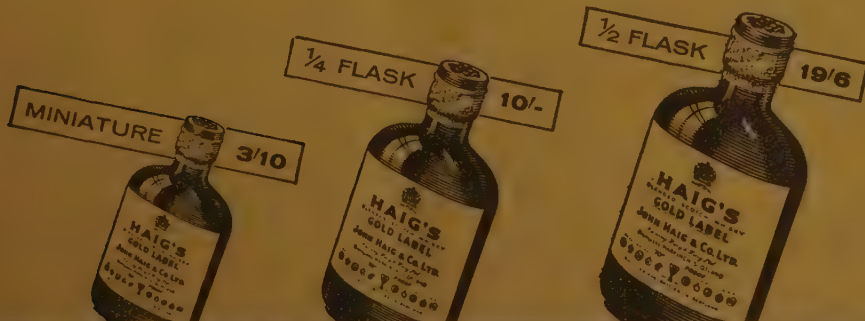
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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Bitty-minded

WHEN WE LOOK back to scan the broad acres of the Victorian century it seems, whether or not an enchantment lent by distance, that everybody had far fewer things to do and far more time to do them in. Mercifully deprived of alternatives, great-grandfather settled down by the lamp to read a three-decker novel, and great-grandmother to a square yard of extremely *petit point*. Certainly there were a few eccentric persons who butterflied (or do I mean butterfly?) about from occupation to occupation and shifted their noses from grindstone to grindstone each half-hour; they, however, were regarded, quite rightly, as comics and pilloried in novels and periodicals.

Now, of course, we are all of us more or less in that pathetic condition. Can television help us? Alas, by the very nature of the thing, and with the best will in the world, its effect can only be toward still further fragmenting our already shattered attentions. Until we have more channels there is clearly no alternative to brightly rung changes, hot to cold, sweet to sour, light to heavy, and back again, in order to be what is called 'fair' to one and all. It is the only democratic answer. All one can ask, I think, is that within the limits of a single programme, unless it is frankly of the magazine type, some minimal degree of ordering and continuity should be maintained.

I am aroused to these reflections by 'Supreme Commander' (April 5), Richard Dimbleby's hard-come-by interview with General Norstad at his home near Paris. One section near the middle of this ran: a look at Mrs. Norstad's canaries—a couple of questions and answers from the General about de Gaulle—a discussion of his hobby of amateur photography—the production and fondling of a pet puppy—a brief conversation on the aims of Western military policy.

Now the rationale of this is evident: the object is to 'introduce' the Supreme Commander as a human being, to let us 'get to know' him. But is not this intention invalidated by two major fallacies? First, that such an acquaintance is purely illusory, as each one of us would hasten to recognize were it proposed to reduce his personal essence to a superficial glance at a couple of hobbies and some sticks of furniture. Second, that the General, at any rate on the showing of this programme, is of interest to us purely in the terms of his military function—this is no discredit to him, for he is evidently a man almost wholly consumed by his office and with little of himself left over for other matters. It was, therefore, his office that we wished to hear of: after all, a dog is just a dog, no matter whom it belongs to, and so, as the Irishman said, is a canary.

'Eye on Research' (the same evening) is a



A scene from the television film 'Reflections in a Village' on April 3

series in general much given to bitty-mindedness. We hop from expert to expert like a philosophist flea. 'The Unseen Universe', however, the first of a new series on 'work in progress' of various

Fellows of the Royal Society, was single-minded and beautifully ordered and altogether an object-lesson in the art of explaining the difficult. Why the staggering improvement? One may suspect that Professor Martin Ryle, the subject, had some hand in it. Also one notices, contrary to recent practice, the name of a script-writer among the credits. Two minor criticisms. The scientifically educated find it hard to realize the deficiencies of those who are not—they do not set their sights low enough: in this programme on radio stars, and the use of radio as opposed to optical telescopes, the relationship between light and radio waves was never stated, and the matter must have remained darkened for many. And will Raymond Baxter please watch his syllabication?—a big array is not the same as a



Professor Martin Ryle, F.R.S., with two 'dish'-type radio telescopes, seen in 'The Unseen Universe' on April 5

bigger ray, and the series is called 'Ion Research'.

'Reflections in a Village' one of those efforts to add lot of little bits and make come to something. For me it simply because I felt that each vidual bit was in some way or off-centre. We were told, for instance, that the village school being pulled down for lack of p How about that housing which must have been teeming children—and none of whos habitants, incidentally, was br before the microphone? Presu in Ickham, as elsewhere, the ch now go to county school by b changing pattern, Mr. Morris a declining birth-rate.

'La Bataille du Rail' (Apr was an outstanding piece of R documentary, put on in hono General de Gaulle's visit. How to put something on for once in

of having tactfully, as happens all too oft these occasions, to take something off!

HILARY CO

## DRAMA

### Political P

POLITICAL CENSORSHIP, so I was repe informed when I enquired into the subje year, is theatrically superfluous: remov Licensing Act of 1737 and the public will on its work themselves. Political drama i which closeth on Saturday night. Telev which escapes statutory censorship, also in obedience to this belief, and scarcely a goes by without its leading to fresh anor

Perhaps West End audiences are a fri lot—but it would take some boldness to that generalization about the television aud One curious aspect in programme plann the failure to take audience overlap into ac Thus one repeatedly finds that docum will present an issue with combative intell and that drama, approaching the same will treat the viewers as a group of ch who must be soothed and tickled into p attention. Dramatized documentary has nothing to close up the gap which is, I b a bad hang-over from the theatre which



Two members of the maquis sabotaging a railway line: 'La Bataille du Rail', a film of the French resistance shown on April 6

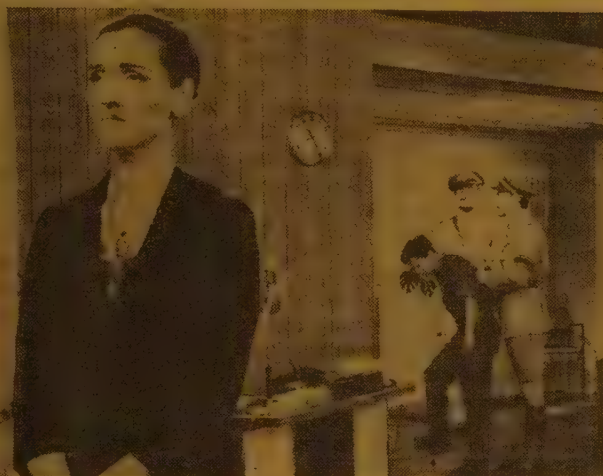


on could shed without any loss to its ratings. *The Price of Freedom*, about which I wrote last week, exemplifies the failure of nerve which the issues engender in the drama department. This week's two political pieces represent an ostrich-like withdrawal from the world. Both are set in the kind of police state which exists only in the minds of writers barricaded into a fastness in S.W.7. Combining every sin of modern misgovernment, this society enjoys a legendary status that defies change. Twenty-eight years separate Norman MacOwan's *Glorious Morning* (April 10) from John Elliot's *The Boy Who Carried a Torch* (April 8), but the internal evidence it would be hard to say which came first.

The one clue that identifies Mr. Elliot's play is the later of the two is the character of its antagonist—a dictator's wife who occupies the greater part of the action conversing with a servant who had tried to assassinate her and finally sends him off to his death because he had kissed her lips. Presumably Mr. Elliot was thinking of Eva Peron; the rules of the game prevent him from investigating the character of a dictator's wife who was revered as the mother of her people. It is a black-and-white world, and the author is content to temporize by involving his mutants in the familiar debate about the proved road construction versus freedom of the individual, and to wash matters off with a perfunctory *le passifloré*, partly exculpating the woman from political responsibility for the absurd reason that she no longer loved her husband. Stephen Wilson's production opened brilliantly with a bomb-throwing sequence culminating in the witch-happening of Rosalie Crutchley quelled through a venetian blind. *Glorious Morning*, a 'Twentieth Century Theatre' production, first appeared in 1932, and I can see no justification for its revival even as a reflection of English attitudes towards Nazi Germany. Not even the most daring enemies of the régime were so far as to put their trust in the reincarnation of Arc. The whole idea of such a return is inappropriate. Joan and her captors shared the same system of belief and were thus in a position to communicate. Leda, the student spy, and her jack-booted persecutors inhabit two entirely separate worlds between which

there can be no more than a static repetition of fundamentals from both sides.

Nothing in the treatment of this unpromising idea obscures its unworkability. Leda puts in a few nights' hard work and converts more than 100 people to Christianity: for this treason she and they are shot, a circumstance presented as a stunning victory over the fascist beasts. And not content with representing the conflict as a head-on clash between good and evil, the author unscrupulously undermines the enemy side in the crucial trial scene by making Grand Inquisitor General Gunter follow up icy threats with the plaintive appeal, 'Leda Veerkind, you're endangering our whole system'.



A scene from *Glorious Morning*, with (left to right) Albert Lieven as General Gunter, Tom Fleming as Anton Veerkind, Jane Jordan Rogers as Leda, and Kevin Stoney as Ryman. (Left): Rosalie Crutchley as H.E. Senora Falanda, Jeremy Spenser as Miguel, Donald Pickering as Raul, and John Hart Dyke as a policeman, in *The Boy Who Carried a Torch*

formance. Jocelyn James gave Beth a Chaucerian freshness; but Derek Francis and Nigel Stock's passionate bargaining over the twenty acres made the love chase seem insipid.

IRVING WARDLE

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Wicked and Mad

DISCOVERING the lesser Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists is a pleasure as surprising as a first visit to Venice. Everyone had explained that more strange and absurd beauty had been crammed into a small space than is reasonably possible; and everyone had understated the case. But the beginning reader of Ford, Tourneur, Dekker, or Middleton needs determination to follow characters whose names have been cut down to Ant., Beat., Als., Fitz., and the like, and make his way through their asides, disguises, and dumb shows. So series like 'British Drama: 1600-1642', in which justly famous plays with no National Theatre to present them are given fresh and enthusiastic interpretation, do a public service.

Thomas Middleton is rarely the favourite tippie of an addict of Elizabethan drama. His comedy was dry, realistic, and often topical, and he never quite kept those qualities away from his most tragic scenes. It is usual for people who don't much like Middleton to make an exception for *The Changeling* (Third Programme, April 6). The temperature is at steam-heat throughout and the piling up of lust, murder, ghosts, Machiavellian villainy, and the oratory of disgust reminds one of Shakespeare and Webster at their noisiest. And yet amongst ingenious tushery and Tussaud-worthy ring-bearing fingers cut from the corpse, there are passages of lucid and subtle dramatic poetry.

Middleton's source book—*The Triumphs of God's Revenge Against Murder*—was evidently perfect circulation-building material for Sunday newspapers. Raymond Raikes, the producer, did well to have extracts read between the acts. They sounded fine and helped the groundlings to hang on to the plot. It was no small feat to keep this plot from shipwreck and give full value to the fine speech and understanding so strangely



Scene from *Devonshire Cream*, with (left to right) Margaret Wedlake, Penny Sweet, Derek Francis as Elias Widecombe, Jean Anderson as Widecombe, Nigel Stock as Robert Blanchard, and Jocelyn James as Beth Widecombe

Albert Lieven's extraordinary achievement was to turn this black-uniformed bogey into a credible human being. Without any assistance from the text, he made it appear that Gunter was a reasonable and intelligent man with no taste for sadism and a genuine belief in the state. His dryly cordial performance did something to obscure the crudeness of the melodrama. Not so the highly mannered playing of Jane Jordan Rogers as the rapt Leda whose glazed seraphic smile and distracted delivery strengthened one's disbelief in the mass conversions. The production, in Rudolph Cartier's most blatantly operatic style, contained some of the stiffest mock-heroics I have seen for a long time and choruses of citizens and soldiers that would have creaked in a drill hall. Throughout one waited for the Cartier crowd to appear: it never came.

The teutonic St. Joan was preceded by Eden Phillpott's rustic 'Romeo and Juliet', *Devonshire Cream* (April 9), two farmsteads both alike in dignity being brought to a peace by the love of their children. Patrick Dromgoole's production from the West of England studio suffered from a faulty balance of sound which particularly afflicted the mumbled ruminations of Hedley Goodall's Billy. But it was a lively and endearing per-



placed. The characters shift their ground so fast and play such tricks that it is astounding for them to catch tragic dignity for a moment. De Flores (Michael Gough), a cousin to Iago, Bosola and Malevole, is allowed some consistency, good tirades and some splendid quiet lines.

Beatrice (June Tobin) was less lucky, having to be a fastidious lady in love one minute, a demon arranging the murder of her proposed husband the next, and then a bride preposterously sending her maid to take her place in the marriage bed. Rhymer's phrase 'bloody farce' fits this plot better than 'piteous and lamentable'.

The sudden lusts and twists of suspicion or treachery sounded all the faster because we had lost the under-plot in which two gallants meaning to seduce a madhouse keeper's wife disguise themselves as a fool and a madman. I regretted this cut, partly because the true and fake madness echoes the wildness of the main plot 'to make a frightful pleasure' and partly because the author knew his Bedlam. One of the lost scenes contains the first account of the application of an intelligence test, and it remains the funniest. Admitting that it could be irrelevant and by Rowley, I mourn. Perhaps the Third might one day give us a series of mad scenes down the ages?

*Tanya* (Home, April 4) was a modern Russian play by A. Arbuzov, translated and adapted by David Tutaev. Romantic young wife would like to be a doctor but is attached to ambitious engineer husband and pathetic caged raven. She overhears husband showing affection for admirable Siberian gold-mining lady and disappears without telling him she is going to have a baby. Baby dies. Siberian lady marries husband. Everyone meets again after wife has been rescued from self-sacrificial doctoring in Siberian snow. This very sloppy tale would do nicely for one of those Scottish women's magazines where noble but fatuous silences still perpetuate terrible misunderstandings and cause educational suffering. No disrespect to Scotland is intended by the suggestion that a phantasy formula of sentiment and morality is current there and in Russia which the English no longer enjoy. The play moved well enough and had some interesting patches of local colour. But the device of the wife writing a letter explaining everything to her ex-husband was clumsy, and her suicidal tendencies were plain tiresome.

*Chord on the Triangle* (Home, April 7) was a light and likeable farce in the French manner by Jean McConnell which danced along neatly in Archie Campbell's production. Its central notion—that the wife and mistress of a middle-aged café owner in a French provincial town might be less bored if they changed places—worked out well.

I whole-heartedly enjoyed John Hearne's *The Death of Aladdin* (Home, April 9) until it turned serious on me. The probability that Barabaldour (Cécile Chevreau) and her Imperial father (Heron Carvic) would nag Aladdin as if he were a pools winner is high, and made good snappish comedy. And John Glyn-Jones as Nazoor, the eloquent Wicked Uncle, was so obviously right that from now on I expect him to be endlessly avuncular and bad.

FREDERICK LAWS

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### The Future of Sound

SOME READERS of this column may recently have seen in *The Times* two remarkable articles on the future of sound broadcasting. These articles gave us a curious view of a listening public 'over-weighted with the poor, the old, the bed-ridden, and the highbrow' (and by highbrow,

so it seems, we were to understand 'new-fanciers, brass-rubbers, or students of the Russian novel'). As a form of mass evening entertainment, so it appeared, 'sound broadcasting was due for almost total eclipse', and the day was near when no self-respecting adult would switch it on except to hear Radio Yorkshire or check the time. But the most remarkable fact about these articles was that they contrived to discuss the future of sound broadcasting without a single reference to the Third Programme; and they made only the merest and most grudging suggestion that sound broadcasting was an art. No-one would claim (and least of all a critic) that sound broadcasting scores an alpha every day; but those who listen seriously may agree that it is generally practised with a high degree of skill. It also remains an art that demands experiment, offers large scope, and gives us, from time to time, an undoubted masterpiece. The survey in *The Times* (April 4 and 5) seemed, in its implications, strangely unsympathetic and unbalanced.

The latest 'Radio Link' (Home Service, April 7) was a hard-hitting affair; speakers from various parts of the Commonwealth asked if the institution was failing in its purpose by not taking action over South Africa; and they asked whether the Commonwealth still had a *raison d'être*. The answer to the second question was not, perhaps, in doubt; but South Africa roused feelings to boiling point, and the South African speaker had a tough time defending himself against the polite but persistent logic of India and an angry outburst from Canada. It was good to hear someone really lose his temper across the Atlantic: it gave topical feeling and authenticity to a programme which is, above all, topical and authentic. Which reminds me: a gold medal, with palm, to whoever thought of asking Mr. Khrushchev to speak on 'Radio Link'. Who says that sound broadcasting is moribund?

We enjoyed authenticity of another kind in Mr. Leonard Cottrell's 'Conversations with Dr. Margaret Murray' (Third Programme, April 7). Conversation was, in fact, hardly the word for this programme, for we heard little of Mr. Cottrell except the occasional sympathetic question. But his questions served their purpose and produced a fascinating stream of reminiscence 'I've always studied archaeology', Dr. Murray began, 'and now I'm a piece of archaeology myself, being ninety-six'. We did indeed have a sense of the distant past as she recalled that her great-grandmother had been born in 1789 (and had married at the age of twelve). The comments on archaeology and its exponents were the least interesting part of the conversation; but the historical memories were enthralling, and I was very moved by the self-portrait of an indomitable and energetic old lady, living alone and champing at the bit because she could only research, now, for five hours a day.

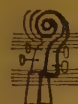
We heard some lighter reminiscences when (Home Service, April 8), three of *les Girls*, Miss Bluebell, Whitie Neeson, and Joan Mackay, recalled the dancing and discipline of the nineteen-thirties. And the discipline, so it seemed, was quite as important as the dancing. Whoever thought that dancing abroad was all champagne out of slippers had their illusions rapidly dispelled. English dancers in Paris would be given board and lodging and £2 pocket money a week. They would leave in crocodile each morning from highly respectable pensions for hard rehearsals at the Folies-Bergère. It was, as one of them said, like going to school. And as for Cochran's young ladies, they would feign illness all day rather than come to rehearsals half-an-hour late. But despite the routine and chaperones, *les Girls* saw the 'thirties, now,

through rosy spectacles; and they had spontaneous and entertaining discussion.

For this week's postscript I tuned in to Service, April 4) to one of those feature programmes after the six o'clock news; this was 'Wooding', a commentary on those live and work in the woods of Kent. It is competent documentary, full of technical about cutting chestnut coppice and which were good- or bad-natured to fell; and of expected touch of poetry came from the foreman who told us how badgers prowled round at night, grunting, in search of bluebell mushrooms. These were the badger's delicacy.

JOANNA RICHARDS

## MUSIC



### Talking Music

THE NEW quarter-hour programme on Sunday evenings, 'The Music Speaks', was heralded by a brief notice in *Radio Times*: 'a new fortnightly programme in which musicians assume the role of critic and react to recent musical events, public or controversies of outstanding interest, positive or negative'. Quite what this will mean in practice we must wait to see, but the first edition (Third, April 10; both of its predecessors devoted to Schönberg) was a little disappointing. Not that there was anything wrong, apart from its brevity, with Matyas Seiber's shrewd and reasonable review of the German critic Stuckenschmidt's study, recently published in an English translation. This is a pretty good affair and Seiber implied as much; what he did not have time to do was to expand on some more interesting and constructive topics. More books, or rather books, that *do* need to be read about Schönberg. I hope some competent biographer will take up his suggestion that a really good biography would be of the greatest benefit in bringing this complex and enigmatic person closer to us. I suppose we shall have to wait some time for that, but meanwhile perhaps Messrs. Rose and Hammelmann might be encouraged to give B.B.C. listeners a study of the birth of *Moses and Aron*.

Short as Mr. Seiber's talk was it was pitched to the point. Susan Bradshaw's review of the first British performance of the *Thema Variations for Band*, on the other hand, was jejune; in several recent broadcasts she has shown herself a perceptive critic, but the words seemed little more than a peg on which to hang two more relatively extended remarks. As it happened, Mr. Seiber had explicitly taken issue with Mr. Stuckenschmidt's overrating of this very work, yet Miss Bradshaw gave no hint that it could be regarded as anything less than a masterpiece. Perhaps in the case is surely worth arguing on both sides. Since most listeners to this programme are bound to have read reviews (many of them written by musicians) in the newspapers and the weeklies, it is to be hoped that later editions will allow contributors the time to develop their ideas more fully, more discursively, and more obliquely. If a model is needed it can be found in that excellent programme, 'Comment', in which it is good news that the next edition will be given over to a discussion by Lennox Berkeley of two recent works by Britten; he should have time to say something really worth while.

Alan Walker's talk on the previous edition (Third, April 9) also suffered a little from being packed into a quarter of an hour. It was, on account, rather pedestrian, but none the less for that, of experiments he has been conducting with a group of music students to discover to what extent a given tone-row and its transformations (inverted, retrograde, and grade inverted) are audible. The results obtained were interpreted as a final answer



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'academic' viewpoint that these transformations are not audible, and to the 'post-Schönbergian' one that in any case they don't need to be. Yet although Mr. Walker made a point of mentioning the limitations of his experiments (e.g., that they were concerned exclusively with the melodic guise of the tone-row, and not with its harmonic derivatives) one was left wondering just how much had been proved. Even the most musically illiterate of music students (and none of these had heard a note of Schönberg until they took part in Mr. Walker's experiments) might be expected to be capable of identifying the individual intervals of a tone-row and remembering their order long enough to identify the retrograde and inverted forms; this would be no more than a specialized kind of aural test. It would

be more interesting to carry out the same tests on a group of randomly selected concert-goers, of whom perhaps no more than one in twenty could name a perfect fifth when they heard it. I suspect that the results would be less encouraging, yet any recognition that did take place would be immeasurably more significant.

Interesting and provocative as Mr. Walker's talk was, the most impressive of this week's encounters with talking musicians was that in which Peter Pears explained the principles behind his and Paul Steinitz's new translation of Bach's *St. John Passion* (Third, April 3). This was lucid, reasonable, generous of praise and firm in censure—in a word, authoritative. I wish that the performance on the following evening had lived up to its promise more com-

pletely. What did emerge with startling vividness were the recitatives, where every singer was freshly aware of the dramatic meaning of words. But there was a distinct falling-off of arias. I doubt whether this was primarily fault of the soloists, though neither Galliver nor Roger Stalman was quite up to best form; Elizabeth Simon and Janet Baker sang exceptionally well, yet their arias were too. Tempi may perhaps have been a little on the slow side, but I suspect that the real lay in the lack of that rhythmic impetus which only perfectly controlled phrasing in the texture can give. Nevertheless this moving performance that fully justified the new translation and Dr. Steinitz's insistence on using forces of the authentic size.

JEREMY N



## Copland's Middle Way

By PETER EVANS

'Quiet City' and a suite from 'The Tender Land' will be broadcast at 9.30 p.m. on Saturday, April 23 (T

MUSICAL STYLES that we label 'nationalist' usually present an overt synthesis of certain indigenous traits, from folk art or from an earlier flowering of craftsmanship, with the predominating musical manner of the day. The indigenous musical traditions of America are confusingly heterogeneous to the outsider. 'Folk music' comprises the memory of English folk song (the remarkably preserved heritage of a minority) and of Negro and Indian music; in 1881 Cadman was using all three sources in his *American Suite*. But far more emotive is the folk music that developed with the nation's history—revolutionary marching songs, sentimental ballads, hill-billies, and revivalist hymns, a flamboyant mixture which the acute ear of Charles Ives incorporated into vividly original instrumental textures. With the next generation two important developments further enriched the American synthesis: it became customary for composers to gain first-hand experience of European technical skills, and inevitable for them to come to terms with the newest folk manner—jazz. Aaron Copland, producing his *Dance Symphony* and Piano Concerto after study with Nadia Boulanger, was one of the first, and in his subsequent progress has remained the most stimulating.

However subtly Ives may seek to fuse his borrowed material, there are uncomfortable moments in his music (as in the Third Symphony, based on hymn tunes) when this is recognized as an incongruous entity. Copland has tended to reserve the deliberate cultivation of folk manner (rarely involving literal borrowings) for contexts with appropriate extra-musical associations, such as ballet and incidental music, and to develop in his 'absolute' scores an admirably integrated motivic style, tautly rhythmic and sparse of texture. This might suggest a Janus-like figure, but in fact the dichotomy is never rigid: his popular style always retains the craftsman's inventive research into thematic material, while his more intensive style frequently reflects the diatonic simplicity and textural limpidity achieved in treating folk subjects. And here we may see the significance of his art for an audience in whom his nationalism arouses little response, for in cultivating simultaneously these two levels of activity, Copland constantly envisages, and often contrives, a true rapprochement between popular and connoisseur's music, a middle way which is an urgent need, if the present cleavage is not to become permanent.

This stylistic poise was not achieved immediately. After the notable assimilation of jazz

idioms in the Piano Concerto (1926), Copland began to pursue a more ascetic ideal. The *Symphonic Ode* (1929), an arched composite movement, still retains frank jazz rhythms in its fast sections, but is tightly bound by the derivation of most of its material from the opening theme. Thematic economy is taken much further in the Piano Variations of 1930, where the treatment of a few basic shapes is as consistent and almost as strict as in serial method. With the *Short Symphony* (1933) Copland reached the peak of his early work in three terse structures unified by less ostentatious motivic skill; rhythms now vary from wry quips to almost metre-less flow, harmony is elliptical and texture meticulous but brittle. So rarefied a style was an impressive achievement for a composer in his early thirties, but American audiences were far from ready to follow him into such abstractions, and Copland later arranged the symphony as a sextet to improve its chances of obtaining a hearing. Clearly he found this failure a harrowing experience, and resolved to find a language of wider communication, yet not incompatible with the pointed idiom he had already forged.

Perhaps the most beautiful tune Copland has borrowed from American folk sources is the Shaker melody, *The gift to be simple*, used in *Appalachian Spring* (1944). Its title aptly symbolizes the stage of his development which reached a climax in that luminous score. Simplicity which never lapses into inanity is a particularly rare gift in a day of complex compositional methods (Britten is its most blessed possessor), and it cannot have been certainly at the command of a composer practised in subtle artifice. Copland approached his metamorphosis circumspectly: his first popular score, *El Salon Mexico* (1936), still gave full rein at least to his deft handling of asymmetric rhythms, while its moods have an ironic undercurrent. But in the ballet *Billy the Kid* (1938) and the film scores of *Of Mice and Men* and *Our Town* he found extra-musical subjects that compelled his sympathy and naturally turned his attention back to native musical sources. The surface polish of texture and instrumentation remains, but a warmer and more immediate expressiveness sounds through melodic lines that sublimate the rich variety of American folk song, and the new pleasure in simple harmonies uncannily suggests the primeval wonder of a New World.

The orchestral piece *Quiet City* (1940), from music to Irwin Shaw's play, typifies this simplified style. It also emphasizes one of Copland's evocative American symbols, the 'mystic trum-

peter' who haunted Whitman; in other of the phantasmal calls are no more than but here they frame a piece to which anglois brings a more human eloquence. A range of mood is explored in the later *Rodeo* (1942), an engaging and never pat adaptation of 'Western' music, and *Appalachian Spring*, a tale of wedding celebrations among farming pioneers of Pennsylvania. Meantime Copland's occasional returns to absolute were increasingly affected by the unambiguously expression of his functional style. The and violin sonatas are stages in a profusion that culminates in the Third Symphony (1946), where thematic material that echoes the moods of the ballet and film is subjected to an investigation that has for none of the earlier skill.

Such a process has been a snare to inable nationalist composers, since sym development germinates best from mor mentary and intrinsically neutral mater now this symphony can be seen as a turning point in Copland's art, for he h trived in his later instrumental works, th Quartet (1950) and Piano Fantasy (1951) revive his early method of construction aphoristic motifs. Indeed, these works l extend some procedures of his original drawing most of their material from a no yet the chiselled melodic contours and th tically clean textures of the popular st effortlessly preserved. In his opera, *The Tender Land* (1954), on the other hand, Copland priately retains the pure folk-derived n its plot, of a country girl's graduation and first love, naturally recalls the id *Appalachian Spring*. The three extracts orchestral suite are the love duet, the part and the quintet at the climax of Act I, epitomizes the work—'The promise of liv is born of our loving'. In this commiss Rodgers and Hammerstein, Copland may to go too far in the direction of a con slack lyricism, with little of the tension Britten can inject into the accompani apparently similar line, but it still bears marks of his fastidious craftsmanship.

The contention which Copland coura maintains, that the two musics are dialec common language, is perhaps typically can, and the style he has developed n considered essentially nationalist. But the way such a synthesis represents is a cheeri to all who share his broad vision of mus comprehensive means of human expressi



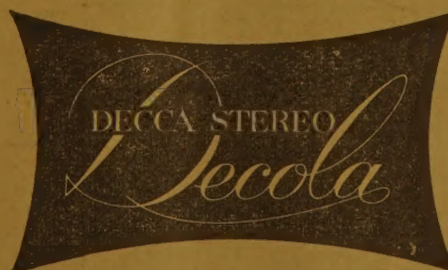
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# Suggestions for the Housewife



## Savoury and Sweet

EGG DISHES are traditional at Easter, and recipes for both a savoury and a sweet omelette may be welcome. The first of these is a luncheon or breakfast dish—a plain 'French' omelette with the addition of fried *croûtons* and parsley. The second is an *omelette soufflée* to be eaten with jam or *flambée* with rum as a sweet on an occasion when you are certain you can serve it the moment it is cooked.

First, *Omelette Grand'mère*. You will need: 2 eggs; 1 oz. of *croûtons*; 1 tablespoon of parsley; seasoning.

Beat together 2 whole eggs just enough to mix the yolks and whites thoroughly without making the mixture frothy. Season and add 1 tablespoon of finely chopped parsley. Cut a slice of bread into quarter-inch cubes and fry them quickly in butter. Drain well and keep hot. Grease the omelette pan with butter and make it really hot. Pour in the beaten eggs and stroke them across and across with the back of a fork, so that the omelette creases into folds. Then tip the pan this way and that, lifting up the edges of the omelette with a palette knife so that the uncooked part runs underneath. In a minute or less the mixture will be sufficiently set. Sprinkle in the *croûtons*. Tilt the pan away from you and fold the omelette over as you slide it on to a hot plate.

*Omelette Soufflée* is a delicate 'puffy' omelette which must be served at once. For six people you need: 3 egg yolks, 5 whites, 3 oz. of caster sugar, a little icing sugar.

Grease a shallow fireproof dish with butter and sprinkle with icing sugar. Work the yolks with the sugar and beat with a wooden spoon until thick and pale in colour. Whip the whites until they are very firm. Fold the whites very lightly and quickly into the yolks. It is impor-

tant that no air should be lost—better to risk the mixture being incompletely mixed than to go on so long that bulk is lost and the mixture becomes flat. Pile the mixture on to the fireproof dish in an oval mound with a depression about an inch deep the whole way down the middle. Smooth the edges with a knife. Cook in a medium oven about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve at once with a jam sauce, or *flambée* with rum (about 3 tablespoons warmed in a small pan with a tablespoon of sugar, poured round the omelette on the hot dish and set light to).

MARGARET RYAN

## Italian Stew

Cut 1lb. of best stewing steak into fairly small pieces. Slice 1 lb. of tomatoes (skinned) and put with the meat into a casserole. Add a large onion, sliced, two tablespoons of rice, and seasoning. (No water is needed.) Put the lid on the casserole and place into a fairly hot oven. Bring to the simmer, and then turn the heat down very low. Cook slowly for about 3 hours. Serve with potatoes baked in their jackets.

ANNE WILD

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

## Making Small Rooms 'Bigger'

One way to make a small room look larger is to have the curtains in a material the same colour as the walls. Close-carpeting a room will also make it appear bigger, as this draws the eyes to the very edges of the room instead of bringing them in to the size of the carpet. I would rather carpet a small room with an edge-to-edge hair-cord than a square of a better quality carpet.

A flat with small rooms can be made to look more spacious by carpeting all the rooms in the same colour, so that one does not see small areas

of different colours as one opens doors. In the same way, I have found that it is at least as good to paint the front door the same colour as the hall carpet, so that the colour scheme is continued from the outside inwards. In fact, it is always helpful when decorating a flat or house to think of it as a whole instead of conceiving each room separately.

ADRIENNE SPA

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Prog)

## Notes on Contributors

Rev. E. J. TINSLEY (page 647): Lecturer in Charge, Department of Theology, University

WALTER KOLARZ (page 649): in charge of Central Research Unit, European Science Foundation; author of *Myths and Realities of Eastern Europe, How Russia is Ruled*

W. F. R. HARDIE (page 655): President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford University; Tutor in Philosophy there, 1920-21; author of *A Study in Plato*

MICHAEL AYRTON (page 660): painter, sculptor, theatre designer and illustrator; author of *British Drawings, Hogarth's Drawings, Macbeth, The Human Age*

BERNARD STONEHOUSE (page 663): research officer, Department of Zoological Studies, Edward Grey Institute of Ornithology, Oxford University; author of *The Emperor Penguin and The Bitter Skua of South Georgia*

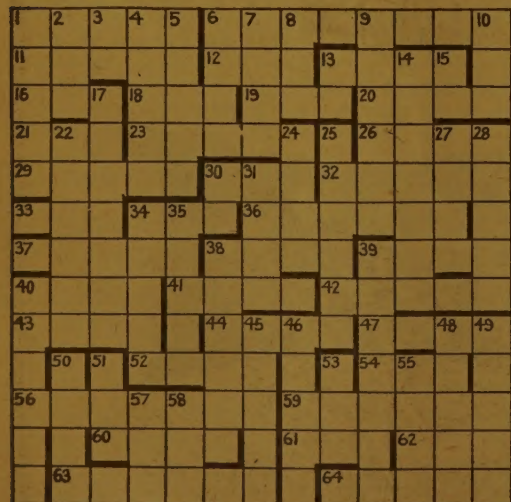
D. W. SCIAMA (page 664): Research Fellow, Gravitational Research Unit, University College, London University; author of *The Unity of the Universe*

PETER EVANS (page 684): Fellow of the Royal College of Organists; Lecturer in Music, Durham University

## Crossword No. 1,559

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



## Part-Songs

By Eli

Each clue is an anagram of a title of a Schubert song in its original language. After the letters of the title have been rearranged in their proper order, a number of letters (given in brackets after the clue) are to be removed, the remaining word being entered in the light. Punctuation in the clues and accents are to be ignored. Four of the lights are proper names, one geographical, and some titles are used more than once. Unchecked letters are as follows: IN A DEEPER SENSE UP-END ME ARIAS. (B.=reversed; U.=up.)

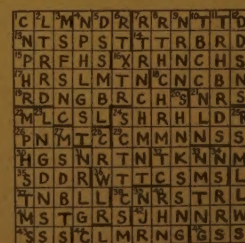
## CLUES—ACROSS

1. A lad, Edie (3)
6. Rich guest in Dundee (9)
11. A run blinded me (8)
12. Safe reel (5)
13. Auk lies (3)
16. I singe hem (6)
18. I feed an able puma (12)
19. Ann doted (5)
20. Eileen's late bid (10)
21. A nutria den (7)
23. Dosed carrots (7)
26. Ceres, his wife (8)
29. Ezra tends tiger (9)
30. Ten frames (6)
32. I cling to a cold niche (13)
33. Sue Pa (2)
34. Can't hide (5)
36. Treat garden fern (9)
37. Fresh cider (5)
38. Alun, A.R.A. (3)
39. Feel red oil (6)
40. Caught ten (5)
41. Catch stunk (6)
42. I wedge Neil (5)
43. Eerie gun ridge (9)
44. Ignite reeds (7)
47. A peg jarred Len (9)
52. Lies hinder one (9)
54. Norn can (4)
56. Ending one June (6)
59. Hurting fulmars (8)
60. Reed band (4)
- 61B. René led it (6)
62. In Mile End (6)
63. Drench melts tiger (10)
64. Misuses trigger (9)

## DOWN

1. Landed proper egg (10)
2. Idle (1)
3. A line (3)
4. Serene maid (5)
5. I chanted (3)
- 6U. Pal eats a roll (8)
7. Red on her flag (8)
8. Tiled rink (6)
9. Rig Hun film (4)
10. Void glee (5)
13. So like (4)
14. Bill, Edie in Chester (10)
15. A blank (4)
17. We ensured amazing fuss (13)
22. Andrew erred (5)
24. Rare grunts (6)
25. Mend aged shackles (10)
27. Greet inside (7)
28. I eschew fires (3)
30. A sine (3)
- 31U. Gnus run east (5)
34. Tense ride (4)
35. Free ales (3)
38. Chant in love (6)
39. Frederic under (15)
40. Cat turned hum (4)
45. Ninepins ride (6)
- 46U. Friend René (4)
48. Gardeners (4)
49. Sheen on drum (6)
50. Held in cups (6)
51. Ben dared (5)
53. Nailed (3)
55. Ten rang René (4)
57. Ewe gets ill (7)
58. Art leads (5)

## Solution of No. 1,557



1st prize: Miss E. M. Startin (Kenton); 2nd prize: J. A. Nelder (Wellesbourne); 3rd prize: McCallum (Glasgow, S.4.).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



# Inter-University Bridge 'Quiz'—First Semi-final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE FIRST semi-final of the inter-university 'quiz' Cambridge University, represented by Mr. J. D. Kendal and Mr. R. J. Payne, met the University of Swansea, Mr. R. B. Gravenor and Mr. G. Agers. The players began by answering the questions all relating to the following hand:

AK 10 9 ♥ A Q 9 8 ♦ 9 4 3 ♣ 8 6

This hand is held by East at love all, and the questions all arise from a competitive auction.

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1)	1C	1D	1H	?
(2)	1C	No	1S	?
(3)	1C	Dble	3C	?
(4)	1C	Dble	4C	?
(5)	1C	INT	2C	?

These were the answers adjudged best:

- (1) One Spade or Three Diamonds. Consolation for Two Diamonds. The trap is to double. Three of the four players gave that answer, but the judges were emphatic that a double at such a low level is poor tactics. To obtain a penalty, the best manoeuvre is to jump to Three Diamonds.
- (2) No Bid. It is evident that East has nothing constructive to say.
- (3) Four Clubs, inviting partner to name a

suit. Consolation for Three Hearts, which is preferable to Three Spades since it gives partner more room.

(4) At this level it is better to double rather than risk alighting on the wrong suit. Consolation for Four Hearts, again better than Four Spades.

(5) A straightforward 3 No Trumps is best. The values are there and this is not the sort of hand on which one should strain to play in a major suit. Consolation for Three Clubs.

On this part of the 'quiz' Cambridge scored 15 points out of 20, Swansea 11.

The next test was to bid the following hands, dealt by West at love all:

WEST	EAST
♠ 8 4 2	♠ A K 7 6
♥ A J 7 6 4	♥ 10 8 5
♦ A J 10 3	♦ Q 8 6 4
♣ A	♣ Q 10

Four Hearts is the best contract, followed by Four Spades (4 out of 10) and Five Diamonds (3). The Cambridge pair bid first:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Kendal	Mr. Payne
1H	1S
2D	3D
3S	4S
No	

East's Three Diamonds was considered 'watery' by the judges, who would have preferred Three Hearts at that point. Also, East might have bid Four Hearts over his partner's Three Spades. His heart support was limited by his failure to support at once. The Swansea pair reached the best contract:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Gravenor	Mr. Agers
1H	1S
2S	3H
4H	No

West's Two Spades seems less natural than Two Diamonds, but East then made a good bid.

Swansea led by 21 to 19 points when the players were asked the final question: how to play the heart situation above to make four tricks?

Best is to lead the 10 from East and, if it loses to an honour, finesse the Jack on the next round. This method is as good as any other for the 3-2 breaks and has an advantage over the other methods when the break is 4-1.

Cambridge University overtook their opponents on this question, to run out winners by 25 to 22.

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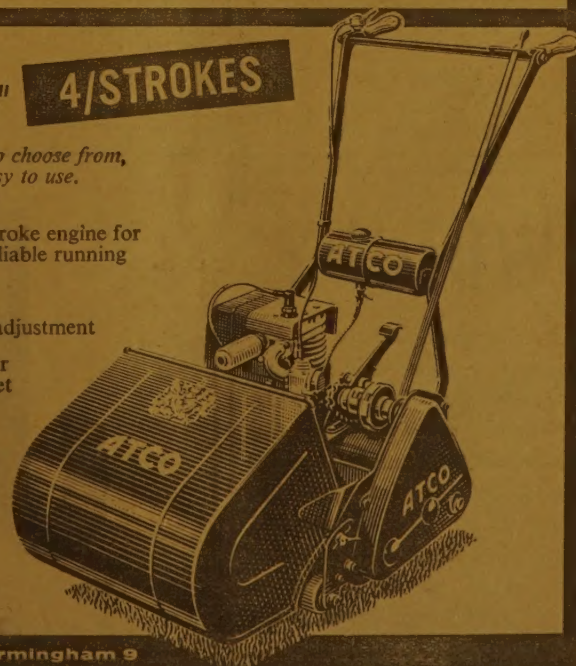
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